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# COUNTRY LIFE

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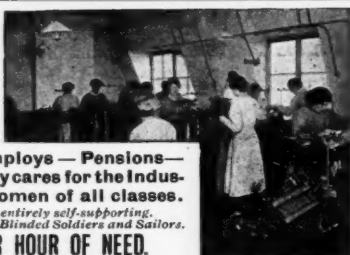
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E. O. HOPPÉ

THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: The Countess of Ancaster</i> .. .. .	395, 396
<i>The Defeat of Autocracy. (Leader)</i> .. .. .	396
<i>Country Notes</i> .. .. .	397
<i>The Hunter's Moon, by Eden Philpotts</i> .. .. .	397
<i>Thomas Yarnon of Tarlton, by John Drinkwater</i> .. .. .	398
<i>The Importance of Using Local Materials</i> .. .. .	399
<i>The Seals of the North-East Coast, by R. Fortune, F.Z.S. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	400
<i>The Soldier's Funeral, by Alfred Ollivau</i> .. .. .	402
<i>In the Garden</i> .. .. .	403
<i>Country Home: Wrotham Park—I., by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	406
<i>Climbers and Architecture. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	410
<i>Nature's Camouflage.—II, Written and Illustrated by Captain F. Russell Roberts</i> .. .. .	411
<i>Literature</i> .. .. .	414
<i>The Candle of Vision ("A. E."); South Slav Monuments (Vol. I, Edited by Professor Michael J. Pupin); The Love of an Unknown Soldier; The Curtain of Steel; Little England (Sheila Kaye-Smith).</i> .. .. .	416
<i>The Estate Market</i> .. .. .	417
<i>Correspondence</i> .. .. .	417
<i>Local Materials and the Problem of "Rural Housing" (E. Guy Dawber); The Housing Problem—Condensation on Concrete (J. H. Kerner-Greenwood); The Uses of Farm Weeds (W. B. Cooper); Church Architecture in a Corner of the West (Arthur O. Cooke); "The Spirit Which Fought to the Death"; An Uncommon Sleeping Place (W. Sugden); Features of the Record Harvest; The English College at Douai (John B. Wainwright); Knotted Trees, Arnside, Westmorland (Frank Wardle); By What Artist? The Verb "to Pingle"; Twin Foals (Stanley A. Brown); Agriculture and Fishing in China (G. S. Moss); "The Dial of Flowers" (Ebenezer Lee and Richard J. Moberly); Some Results of Experiments in Potato Cultivation (T. E. Miln); Village War Memorials; Beguair on Sweet Briar Roses (Major Vernon Brown).</i> .. .. .	xxxvi.
<i>Turf, Stud and Stable</i> .. .. .	xxxviii.
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	xl.
<i>Machinery Notes for Modern Farmers, by Ploughshare. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	xliv.
<i>Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	xlv.
<i>Town and Country. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	xlv.

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## THE DEFEAT OF AUTOCRACY

**E**VEN amid the overwhelming dramatic interest of the moment there are many who will find time and inclination to consider what meaning the historian of the future will attach to the great war now near its ending. One singular feature is that until a very short time ago there was nothing to indicate to the impartial student what moral would be drawn from it. The previous history of the world shows that when a great military power attacks civilisation it is by no means certain that the latter will win. In fact, the military power usually has had the better of it; and hence those buried civilisations whose very existence would not be known were it not for the untiring search of archaeologists. If the Emperor William had succeeded in his design of mastering the rest of the world he would only have done what other conquerors have done before: Phillip of Macedon, Cæsar, Tamerlane, and so on. With the capitulation of Turkey the defeat of the Central Powers is assured. They were the champions of autocratic as against democratic government. At the beginning

the Entente Alliance numbered, in Russia, an autocratic Government, but after the revolution in that country the forces were those of democracy arrayed against absolute Government. On our side were the two strongest Republics in the world, America and France. Great Britain essentially is as democratic as either of them, and our constitutional King has no more power than the President of the United States. In many respects he has not as much.

Italy is another democracy with a king as head of the State, but real power emanating from the people. Now, it was commonly said in days gone by that if it came to fighting, the fully organised and trained nation would have it all its own way. Germany had not only raised and trained a great army, but it had taken the trouble to see that those nations likely to become its Allies—Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria—were also possessed of soldiers trained and equipped. The difference between the two adversaries was that the one was organised for war and the other was organised for peace. We in this country had only the nucleus of an army—a little body of men thoroughly equipped and splendidly trained, it is true, but not large enough to count as a force of any consequence in the clash of armies numbered in millions. France and Italy were better prepared for immediate fighting, but Italy was exhausted by a previous war, and in France the military authorities were obviously misled as to the strength of the German foe. Ferdinand of Bulgaria was probably as calculating and cold-hearted a spectator as could be imagined. He very quickly concluded that the odds were all in favour of the Central Powers, and although his countrymen had every incitement to antipathy for the Turks, they had to fight side by side with those who only a few years ago made the world resound with the outrages they committed in Bulgaria. Our point, however, is that Ferdinand, as a disinterested observer, thought it safe to fling in his lot with the Germans as the stronger party. In other words, the war began with the odds in favour of Germany. But had the Emperor won, his victory would have upset the Liberal teaching of the last hundred years. This was to the effect that freedom and the encouragement of initiative must lead to greater progress than absolute government and iron discipline.

Some who prize liberty very highly were, nevertheless, doubtful if its exercise would be likely to lead to a success in armies. That it has done so is the greatest victory democracy has won in the history of the world. It probably spells not only the downfall of those countries which entered the war as Empires, but of absolute government altogether. It was unimaginable to military men that a horde of peaceful citizens, such as we had in Great Britain, could be turned in a year or two into an army fit to cope with the best trained legions of the Kaiser. America performed the same feat, but that was after we had led the way and when our experiences had become available. The salient consideration is that as soon as the numbers were brought to something like equality and the plain citizen was matched on even terms with the trained soldier, the latter began to get the worst of the exchanges. Moreover, when the tide once turned it continued to flow in the same direction. History, too, will take note of the very important fact that the loosely joined democracies turned out to possess more powers of endurance than the close-knit autocracies. It has long been evident that the weakness against which the Kaiser William had to contend was less that of the German army than of the German people. It will not have to be said that they stood up against the horrors and privations of war as stubbornly and sternly as did their British antagonists. America has not been long enough in the conflict to come into comparison, but it is certainly remarkable that the soldiers of Republican France proved more than a match for the Imperial troops to which they were opposed. France has lost nothing of her old gallantry by her change of government, and she has gained greatly in acquiring steadiness of object and persistence in its pursuit. The victory, in fact, will be the first world triumph of democratic power.

## Our Frontispiece

**WE** print as our frontispiece to this week's issue a portrait of the Countess of Ancaster, before her marriage Miss Eloise Breeze, daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze of New York. Married in 1905 to the second Earl of Ancaster, Lady Ancaster has four children: two sons—the elder of whom is Lord Willoughby de Eresby—and two daughters.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

# COUNTRY NOTES



It will scarcely be necessary to direct the attention of our readers to the sketch of a plan for starting the construction of country cottages which appears in another part of the paper. Most of them are very fully alive to the necessities of the situation, and a vast majority will be in full sympathy with the endeavour to attack the problem on the easiest front. That undoubtedly is to be found in the use of local materials. Wherever necessary building is being carried on at the present moment, which is mostly for the accommodation of men who are required to work in naval yards and other establishments of national importance, the difficulty in procuring materials is immense. If we add to the scarcity the great expense and trouble involved in carriage from one place to another, it will be seen that the use of local material greatly facilitates the carrying out of a building programme. It is shown in tabular form that to build 300,000 cottages, which after all is only a modest proportion of those required, it would be necessary to carry for an average distance of fifty miles not less than 60,000,000 tons of materials. Surely this would be too gigantic a task for a railway system weakened in so many ways. That is the gravest material consideration to be brought forward, but lovers of the country must also rejoice at the prospect of something of the old charm of the English country cottages being maintained; in other words, that the temptation to put up ugly and hastily constructed houses is to be steadily resisted.

LORD GREY'S letter to the *Times* on the housing provisions is a very trenchant piece of criticism. The Local Government Board, in answer to enquiries, is accustomed to say that local authorities have expressed their willingness to build 240,000 houses. Lord Grey asked in the House of Lords what houses were actually in sight, and the answer, as reported by Hansard, was that the number of local authorities who have now definite building schemes before the Local Government Board is 84. It is made up of 26 boroughs contemplating 4,325; 36 urban districts contemplating 3,301; and 22 rural districts contemplating 1,100; making a total of 8,726. In addition there are 162 other schemes of local authorities before the Board, and Lord Grey thinks that after they have been sifted, 8,000 will be added to the previous 8,000, which will make between 16,000 and 17,000 houses. But this is a fleabite compared with the 300,000 mentioned by Mr. Hayes Fisher. Lord Grey also animadverted on the statement of the Government made last March that they would shoulder an outlay of £25,000,000 and finance the loan of the local authorities if necessary.

MR. HAYES FISHER'S retirement from the Presidency of the Local Government Board follows rapidly on the very cold reception given in the House of Commons to his Housing Bill. We hope that the appointment of Sir Auckland Geddes as his successor may be held to mark the determination of the Government that housing shall be tackled in a larger spirit. The Hayes Fisher Bill, of which, doubtless, no more will be heard, showed the inability of the L.G.B. to recognise the full importance of the housing problem.

The lowest figure which has been set on the housing shortage is 300,000 dwellings in England and Wales, and even the Local Government Board has long admitted that this number will need to be built during the first year of peace. If any regard is to be paid to the health of the community, so great a number of houses now occupied must be demolished or drastically remodelled that we may set the building requirements of the next three years at something like 600,000 dwellings. The building of houses on so vast a scale is a problem in intensive production second only in magnitude and difficulty to the output of munitions, and it must be grappled in the same sort of way, whatever the system of finance under which the scheme is undertaken.

WITH the retirement of Mr. Hayes Fisher, we may also expect the disappearance of the Local Government Board circular letter of March 18th which enshrined his policy. When we commented on that circular at the time of its issue, we expressed complete disbelief in it as a statement of Cabinet policy. It provided neither for feasible finance nor for the machinery of building, and its attempt to face the problem of an economic rent was foredoomed to failure. The main thing that has now to be recognised is the proved incapacity of the small local authorities to tackle the question of housing during a period when every industry and interest will be scrambling for materials, for labour and for financial facilities. However completely we may admit the claim of local authorities to do the work which local knowledge and experience alone can do, it must be obvious by now that nothing will be possible without a strong guidance from a central authority which can fight the battle of housing amidst a welter of conflicting interests, and ensure definite achievement within a reasonable limit of time.

WHETHER the Local Government Board under its new auspices is to assume the functions of a true Ministry of Health, whether it will establish a separate department on semi-independent lines to deal with housing, and whether it will fit itself for these great services by transferring to other ministries the mass of confused functions which have hitherto clogged the machine—these are matters on which the Prime Minister will doubtless make a definite announcement when he lays his reconstruction policy before the electorate. The success both of health and housing will depend on a clearly thought out policy and an efficient machine for administering it. Failure will mean an amount of dissatisfaction and worse which no wise Government will be likely to risk, which no Government, whether wise or foolish, would be able to survive.

## THE HUNTER'S MOON.

October day drifts into night and now,  
Glooming red gold upon a naked bough,  
The Hunter's Moon climbs through a ragged larch,  
Swings out on Heaven and sweeps her steadfast arch  
Through cloudrack dim; while underneath there lie  
The darkling forests and the floods, and fly  
Leaves from the summer woods. They tinkle down  
Russet and sere, etiolate and brown,  
Blood-red and scarlet, auburn, silver, grey—  
Good millions, bearing wherewithal to pay  
Debt of the trees. The busy earthworms cold  
Draw in the yearly dues to rich the mould,  
Storing what tree-tops earned; and thus full round  
The cycle spins; for sure the sodden ground  
Is but a bank, that hoards to give again,  
Wherein the beetle and the worm and rain  
Balance their books beneath the Hunter's Moon,  
While Nature budgets for another June.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ON Tuesday afternoon Mr. Lloyd George spoke the epilogue to Austria's tragic drama. It ends with her acceptance of the stern, but not too stern, conditions imposed by the Allies. She goes out of the war helpless and unable to return to it. The slate has been cleaned, and it will be for the men of the future to write on it a more worthy history than that of the past. The final touch was in the announcement that her greatest ally must, when desirous of peace, "make application to Marshal Foch in the usual military form." Austria has been at once the tool and the victim of Germany, and has had to pay for her folly. In the course of the war Austria won no success except when reinforced by Teutonic troops. Against Russia and against Italy she ever failed when

standing on her own feet. As soon as the force opposed to Germany became too much for that country, and assistance to Austria could no longer be given, then the end became only a matter of time. The crowning act was hastened by the ardour and gallantry of the Italians, who, attacking under great difficulties, inflicted a final rout on the foe. In the words of the ring, they administered a knock-out blow and the confederation that has been kept together for centuries is now a disrupted ruin with scarcely even a nominal head.

AMONG the crowned heads of Europe the war has produced changes that will appear the more remarkable the further we get separated from them by time. When hostilities opened the Czar Nicholas was to all appearances one of the mightiest potentates of the world. He was dethroned and ignominiously shot. His neighbour, the Emperor of Austria, worn out by old age, died before the struggle had advanced far. His successor, Karl, faced by disruption of the Austrian Empire, is said to be in flight. Ferdinand of Bulgaria has abdicated his throne and is now in exile, while his successor, Boris, has also found the seat of power untenable and given place to a Republic. Constantine of Greece is dethroned and in exile; the Sultan of Turkey, Mehmed V, was removed by death, and the most conspicuous figure of them all, the Emperor of Germany, is trembling on his throne, and may have fallen from it before these words are read. Such are the outstanding facts in regard to the great struggle that has been going on between potentates and people. They signify that the old order has, indeed, passed away. No country that has taken a share in the war—we might almost say, no country in the world—will be in anything like the same condition after the war as it was before, and statesmen everywhere must now turn their thoughts and anxieties to the future.

NORTHUMBERLAND has made an excellent start in regard to co-operation among farmers. A great meeting was held at the Moot Hall at Newcastle-on-Tyne last week, at which Lord Selborne, who is taking the liveliest interest in all that appertains to agriculture after the war, made a stirring and notable speech. There was no dissension and the result was the formation of an influential and able committee to carry out the preliminary work for the establishment of a great farmers' co-operative society for the counties of Northumberland and Durham. Of its success there should be no difficulty in prophesying, since the start has been made under the most favourable auspices, and the men who have promised to do the collar work are unsurpassed in the North Country for business ability and knowledge of farming conditions. The idea, we understand, is to begin by utilising the co-operative society mainly for the purpose of purchasing artificial manures and feeding stuffs, but at the back of the mind of the promoters is the idea that this will soon develop into a corresponding system of selling. The movement is one to be supported, because it will help to recruit the forces required to make farming after the war so profitable an undertaking that farmers will be assured of reasonable profits, and that there will be an outflow into the pockets of the labourers in the shape of wages.

AMONG the many schemes at present engaging the attention of the Earl of Selborne one in especial is deserving of widest support. What he sees is that events have driven sections of agricultural industry to combine for their defence and advantage. The landowners are attending to the interests of landowners, farmers to the interest of farmers, the Labour Unions to the interests of the labourers. To some extent these interests are conflicting, and in the stress of opposition there is a danger of it being forgotten that towering above all and greater than all is the interest of agriculture as a whole, which is common to all of them. The idea is that for political purposes they should all unite in an agricultural council. We do not lose hope of seeing them join in other ways as, for instance, in a great co-operative system, but that, speaking bluntly, would be for immediate profit. They must not forget in doing so that during those decades in which agriculture was neglected the power of the industry in Parliament became so attenuated that it was impossible to obtain any adequate share of legislative attention, with the result that landowners became impoverished, farmers were driven to give up their holdings and labourers saw little before them but emigration. The country is determined that there shall be no recurrence of neglect such as this; but, to ensure the general welfare being secured, it is necessary that all classes should work together for an end they have in common.

For that purpose the Agricultural Council which has been called into being with a full representation of every class upon it ought to prove of great service not only to those whose livelihood is derived from the land, but to the country as a whole, which depends upon the land for its food supply.

A QUESTION agitating many of our most thoughtful circles just now is whether there will or will not be a famine after the war. Doubt scarcely arises as to our own country; but our authorities cannot ignore the circumstances in which other parts of the world will be placed. Political disturbance is nearly always adverse to the cultivation of the soil. In Russia, at the present moment, it has almost paralysed it, because the peasant farmers feel that, although they might be allowed to plough and cultivate, there is no certainty that he who does the work will reap the harvest. Everything is uncertain. It is to be feared that the condition in a great part of Austria will not be much better. Out of the present disturbance there must come a conflict between the Haves and the Have-Nots, of which no one knows the outcome. Germany has lost an immense proportion of her cultivators, and during the stress of the autumn it is as certain as anything can be that cultivation must have been greatly neglected. France, to her everlasting glory be it said, threw aside every other consideration except that of winning the war, and the population left on the soil since 1914 never has been sufficient to grow the requisite crops. Italy at the best of times has no surplus of essential foodstuffs such as wheat, and there, too, the taking away of so many men by the army must handicap agriculture for a year or two at least. The resources of the United States and Canada appear to be equal to every emergency, but the number of mouths that will expect to be fed by them exceeds their power of production. Markets must be more or less open after the war, and we in this country, who used to obtain practically the whole of the surplus wheat of both Northern and Southern America will have to be content with a share of it. Look where we will, there is no prospect of abundance.

#### THOMAS YARNTON OF TARLTON.

One of those old men fearing no man,  
Two hundred broods his eaves have known  
Since they cut on a Sapperton churchyard stone—  
"Thomas Yarnton of Tarlton, Yeoman."

At dusk you can hear the yeomen calling  
The cattle still to Sapperton stalls,  
And still the stroke of the woodman falls  
As Thomas of Tarlton heard it falling.

I walked these meadows in seventeen-hundred,  
Seed of his loins, a dream that stirred  
Beyond the shape of a yeoman's word,  
So faint that but unawares he wondered.

And now, from the weeds of his tomb uncomely,  
I travel again the tracks he made,  
And walks at my side the yeoman shade  
Of Thomas Yarnton of Tarlton dumbly.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

IN these circumstances our course is clear. The magnificent efforts of farmers in this country increased the food supply enormously when it was so badly needed in war-time. They must be encouraged to continue their efforts till the world of husbandry has again returned to its normal state. Translated into practical terms, what this means is that the Food Production Department of the Board of Agriculture should not slacken in its efforts. It should insist on a ploughing programme as large as that of last year, or, if we fall short of that, at least as large as possible. Every county in Great Britain should be required to cultivate its quota of potatoes. By this time the Board of Agriculture must know the capacity in this direction of each, and should insist upon a production per county at least equal to the present year, and if possible in excess of it. Wheat, too, must be grown in increased quantities so that we may be as independent as possible of foreign supplies. In all likelihood the labour difficulty will grow less before long. It is true that demobilisation must be a slow process, and for State reasons it should not be over-hurried; but, on the other hand, the War Office may easily relax its stringent regulations in regard to those who are so nearly entitled to discharge that there is some doubt on the subject.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF USING LOCAL MATERIALS.

300,000 COTTAGES WOULD ENTAIL THE TRANSPORT OF 60,000,000 TONS OF MATERIAL

IN carrying out any considerable scheme of house building two difficulties will have to be met. The first arises from the scarcity of building material ; the other from the cost and difficulty of transport. These, to some extent, can be obviated by the use of local material, which is to be commended on other grounds as well. Local material fits into the character of the neighbourhood in which it is found and maintains its traditions. It would be advisable for the Government or its responsible Department to begin by taking stock of the material at disposal, as that would define the extent to which building can be carried on in the present circumstances. In the next place we have to consider the burden that would be placed upon our transport resources in order to convey it from the place of origin to that of use. Very few people realise the bulk of materials, and in order to help them the following statement has been prepared to show the materials needed for each cottage and the total for 300,000 cottages :

Materials.	Weight.						
	Per One Cottage.			Per 300,000. Tons.			
	Tons.	Cwts.	Qrs.				
Ballast, sand, gravel	..	..	..	78	17	0	23,655,000
Lime .. ..	..	..	..	5	18	0	1,770,000
Cement .. ..	..	..	..	12	8	0	3,720,000
Bricks .. ..	..	..	..	85	0	0	25,500,000
Slates for D.P.C.	..	..	..	0	10	2	157,500
Chimney pots	..	..	..	0	0	3	11,250
Tiles .. ..	..	..	..	7	2	2	2,137,500
Carcassing timber	..	..	..	7	0	0	2,100,000
Complete joinery timber	..	..	..	1	12	0	480,000
Cast iron rain-water goods and sundries	..	..	..	0	9	0	135,000
S oves, copper, ashbin, etc.	..	..	..	0	5	2	82,500
Nails, screws, etc.	..	..	..	0	1	2	22,500
Hair for plaster	..	..	..	0	1	0	15,000
Lead flashings, etc.	..	..	..	0	2	1	33,750
Sink, waste p'ps, draining boards, etc.	..	..	..	0	2	1	33,750
Sanitary goods	..	..	..	0	1	0	15,000
Whitening, d'stemper and paint	..	..	..	0	3	1	48,750
Total	..	..	..	199	14	2	59,917,500

It will be seen that to carry out the scheme drafted by Mr. Hayes Fisher a total of close on 60,000,000 tons of material will have to be shifted. In addition to that it must be remembered that the cost of material is very small in comparison with that of building. This will be apparent from an analysis of the items employed for actual cost and the percentage which that cost bears to the total cost :

COTTAGES ERECTED 1912 (SEMI-DETACHED).  
TOTAL INTERNAL AREA OF COTTAGE 772FT. SUPER. (PARLOUR, KITCHEN, SCULLERY AND THREE BEDROOMS, COAL AND W.C.)

No.	Item.	Per House.	
		Actual Cost.	Per cent. of Total Cost.
		£	
1.	Sundries .. .. .	8	2.66
2.	Foundations .. .. .	16	5.28
3.	External and party walls (a) .. .. .	77	25.41
	Windows and doors (b) .. .. .	23	7.59
4.	Internal partitions .. .. .	36	11.88
5.	Ground floor .. .. .	18	5.94
6.	Upper floor .. .. .	22	7.26
7.	Roof and rain-water goods .. .. .	34	11.22
8.	Chimney and fireplaces .. .. .	30	9.90
9.	Sanitary fittings, water supply and drainage .. .. .	19	6.27
10.	Staircases .. .. .	11	3.63
11.	Fittings .. .. .	6	1.98
Total .. .. .		£300	

These facts help to clarify the problem. The weight of the building materials required for an ordinary cottage with living-room, parlour, scullery, three bedrooms, etc., the house containing cubic contents of about 11,500 feet, would come approximately to 200 tons per cottage ; and even assuming that there is only an average transport of fifty miles, this would give 10,000 ton-miles per rural cottage, which is taking it at a very low average. In each cottage the weight of the brickwork represents about 42 per cent. of the total weight. It is, therefore, apparent that every effort should be made to lessen the transit of materials required for the external walling. If, on the other hand, local materials are employed, this carriage would be saved and a great economy effected. Even if this

utilitarian consideration were not so important as it is, the desirability of making all possible use of local materials is very great from other points of view. It would stimulate local interest in building and, in addition to retaining the traditions of the district, give greater hope of retaining and maintaining the proper architectural aspect of our villages. For these reasons it is proposed to form a representative committee with the object of considering very carefully the possibility of utilising local materials in specific areas. The committee would represent all the various interests involved, and would consist of :

- A member chosen from the Board of Agriculture.
- A member of the Rural Ministry of Reconstruction.
- A typical landlord.
- A delegate representing the Rural Labourers' Trade Union.
- A representative of the Women's Trade Union or a recognised woman housing expert.
- A financial expert.
- A sanitary expert.

In that way all the various interests involved would be thoroughly safeguarded. Many members of the Committee have already been named, but until the list is complete it would be inadvisable to publish the names, which, however, we hope to give at the earliest opportunity. The experiment would have a practical bearing, which is absent from the committees at present engaged in housing. According to Mr. Hayes Fisher, out of 300,000 cottages wanted as an instalment, only 8,726 are in sight, with a prospect of 8,000 more. Not a single cottage has been put up ; thus it is far from being an exaggeration to say that no real step whatever has been taken, consequently the questions as to cost, practicability and general economy can only be discussed in the air. There is no practical guidance as to the difficulties that would have to be encountered and overcome if steps are to be taken immediately to meet that shortage of houses which is going to press very hardly on the armies, of whose return there is now a clear and definite prospect. The plan is to erect a pair of cottages in each of the districts chosen. During the progress of building, experiments and investigations will be carried out so as by further study to elucidate the practical means of using local materials in cottage building. The districts chosen for this series of experiments would be such as are already famed for their locally constructed houses, and those suggested so far are :

- (1) A part of Devonshire where suitable materials can be obtained for the erection of walling with material known locally as "cob" work. Such objections as have been made to this kind of construction are based on what was done long ago. But in the preparation of cob modern science has brought developments that cannot fail to make the cob cottages now to be built a vast improvement on those constructed with less knowledge about the use of this material. Experts who have been consulted are of opinion that, following the analogy of re-inforced concrete, cob might be greatly improved by the introduction of wire or a similar contrivance. In substance the suggestion is that just as we have ferro-concrete it ought to be possible to produce on economic terms a ferro-cob.
- (2) Some districts such as Sussex, Hampshire and a portion of Kent, where the upper strata of chalk could be experimented with to convert into proper building material.
- (3) A district where gravel and sand are obtainable.
- (4) A district suitable where clay is available.

The cob experiments would probably turn out the most interesting and important. The facts about its present use are that the cob cottage has proved to be pleasant to the eye and very durable. Many have stood for three centuries or more, and are still excellent dwellings. But a great number were home-made by men who, of course, were ignorant of the improvements that could be effected by modern science. The architects who have promised to take the matter in hand are Sir Edward Lutyens and Mr. Alban Scott. The former requires no introduction to our readers. He is a master of design who may be trusted to take care that the appearance of the cottage will add to the attraction of

the neighbourhood in which it stands. Mr. Alban Scott, on the other hand, belongs to the scientific school of architecture. He has devoted himself largely to the use of ferro-concrete and similar materials, and his inventive mind may be trusted to find out those supports which are needed to give durability. We look to him for the production of that ferro-cob which, without altering their appearance, will give a finishing touch of strength to the Devonshire cottages. The combination, in fact, is ideal. A number of private individuals have expressed their willingness to meet the cost of erecting such experimental cottages without asking for a grant from a Government Department. It is very patriotic of them to do so. They recognise that at the present cost of cottage building it would be hopeless to ask the Government to undertake expenses for experimental work. The architects, however, have asked for a preliminary fund of about £300 to be spent in chemical and other experiments for the purpose of improving cob building. As it will be necessary to erect a pair of semi-detached cottages in each of the four districts and this involves a greater expenditure than the £500 which is permitted by the Government regulations, the necessary building licences will be asked for together with the necessary permission to obtain the materials, but it is not anticipated that application will be made for any special priority. Our readers will agree that the scheme is one of highly practical utility, and that the experiments would provide a basis for further investigation and have the result of giving very valuable lessons in connection with rural housing as a whole. Next week we propose

publishing plans showing the scheme of building. Just now it is enough to know that the accommodation provided is for a living room, parlour, scullery, larder, w.c., fuel, and three bedrooms and bathrooms. The area of the rooms has been worked out on the basis of some of the largest schemes contained in the suggestions issued to local authorities.

It is scarcely necessary to summarise the advantages that may fairly be expected to flow from this endeavour to make a real start at finding a solution for the housing difficulty. First and foremost must be placed the saving in transport. A casual reader may easily imagine that the difficulties of carriage will vanish with the end of the war, but that is not so in reality. Anyone who has travelled in France must have noticed engines bearing such names as Liverpool Street, King's Cross, Euston, Birmingham and so on. The meaning of that is that a great deal of our rolling stock was sent over to France and at the best will not be available here for a long time to come. Even the ordinary work of upkeep and repair has necessarily been neglected owing to the scarcity of men and other causes incidental to war time. Transport difficulties are bound to last for a very considerable period after the peace settlement and it would not be at all advisable to delay the construction of houses so long. The returning soldiers will make us vividly conscious of the shortage. Nothing could be imagined more likely to make them look for chances of going abroad than to learn that there is not sufficient housing accommodation for them in the village in which they lived before the war and to which they hope to return on its conclusion.

## THE SEALS OF THE NORTH-EAST COAST

By R. FORTUNE, F.Z.S.

THE advance of civilisation has almost wiped out the seals as breeding species on the North-East Coast. There are only two really British seals, the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*) and the great grey seal (*Halichoerus grypus*). The common seal had formerly several great breeding resorts on this coast. Probably all the estuaries of the great rivers, the Humber, Tees and Tyne, had their breeding colonies. In 1802 the number frequenting the mouth of the Tees was so great and the damage they did to the salmon fisheries so serious, that the edict went forth for their extermination. It is, however, more than probable that the rise of Middlesbrough as a great shipping centre and the rapid development of the Cleveland iron trade somewhere between the years 1830 and 1840 were the real cause for the abandonment of this ancient breeding resort.

Huntcliffe, the great cliff near Saltburn, was once inhabited by seals, and they had from persecution become, as seals do, very wary, for an ancient topographical work states that the only way to approach them was for the stalker to disguise himself as a woman. "Ye pore women that gather cocles

and muskles on the sandis by oftene use are in beter credyte with them. Therefor whoso intendeth to steale any one of them must craftely put on ye habyte of a woman to gayne grounde withyn ye reache of his peece."

We can well imagine in these days the caves under the cliffs of Flamborough and Filey being very suitable resorts for the grey seal, while the extensive sands of Holderness, and especially of the Spurn, must have formed a sanctuary for numerous colonies of the common seal. In Northumberland a writer, as late as 1864, speaks of a colony extending from the Farnes to the Tweed. They certainly bred on Holy Island, and were somewhat numerous in the harbour there, where a sandbank still bears the name of the "Seal Bat." At one time they did so much damage to the salmon fisheries on this coast that a reward of 15s. was offered for every seal's tail produced.

The numbers of these interesting animals have gradually diminished, until at the present time there are only two breeding resorts on this coast—on the Farnes, where there is, I believe I am correct in saying, the only breeding place of the grey seal



R. Fortune.

THE COMMON SEAL IN HIS ELEMENT.

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on the East Coast of Britain. They breed regularly on a small isolated rock called the Crumstone, and occasionally on one or other of the main group. The Crumstone is, however, their regular resort. The common seal also still breeds here, but in very small and ever-diminishing numbers. The great breeding resort of the animal is the Lincolnshire Wash, where it is estimated that, even at the present day, at least 2,000 congregate there in the breeding season.

There is little difficulty in recognising, even in a casual way, the difference between the two species. The common seal is a very much smaller animal, its average size being about 4½ ft. against the 9 ft. of the grey seal. The fishermen on the Northumberland coast tell remarkable stories of captures of this seal in the neighbourhood of the Farnes weighing anything from 80 st. to 100 st. There is one authentic record of a capture in 1904 which weighed 70 st. In both species the female is considerably smaller than the male. Apart from the size, the shape



THE GREY SEAL TAKING A SUN-BATH.

ventures to molest her offspring. The cub is very silent in the absence of the mother, and the colour of the fur harmonises generally so well with the rocks that it assists in its concealment very effectively. The mature animals are at times very noisy, and make a howling noise like dogs. The young of the grey seal are born in October or November, and those of the common seal in June, but they, unlike their larger relatives, are somewhat noisy and keep up a constant baaing. The adults, unless constant persecution has caused them to learn the value of silence, are also rather noisy; from a party at rest a constant grunting, something like that of pigs, arises, varied by a loud bark or a harsh cough, and at times a plaintive bleat or a snort of defiance.

In the common seal the brain is highly developed and they are extremely intelligent animals, and in captivity they become very affectionate and capable of being trained to execute tricks one would not think possible for such an animal to perform out of its native element. In a state of nature they are extremely inquisitive and will often follow a boat a considerable distance, especially if the occupants are singing or playing, for they are extremely susceptible to the influence of music, which has a great fascination for

them. They are wary to a degree, as all large animals in these islands have to be if they wish to live; their hearing is very acute, despite the fact that they are, unlike other mammals, not furnished with an ear conch.

With regard to their fondness for music, it is related by the fishermen that one of their number who used to set his crab-pots



THE GREY SEAL AT HOME.

of the head is a sure indication of the species. The common seal has a rounded, bullet-shaped head, while that of its larger relation is flatter, more elongated and doglike. Although to some extent their habits are somewhat similar, yet in some particulars they differ considerably. The grey seal prefers caves in which to give birth to its young. However, when there are no caves, they select the most exposed situations, like the Crumstone at the Farnes and the isolated rocks of the Scillies, so that it is evident that, although they may prefer a cave, they are not over-particular.

The common seal is gregarious, and is generally found in colonies or "schools." The grey seal is either solitary or only a few pairs frequent the same spot.

The young of both species are at first covered with a thick, soft fur of a yellowish white colour, and until this is shed and the adult dress assumed they do not take to the water. In the common seal this fur is shed within a few hours after its birth, but in the grey seal several weeks elapse before it is lost, during which time the mother remains with her cub, to which she is devoted, and will usually fiercely attack any intruder who



R. Fortune.

THE GREY SEAL COMING ASHORE.

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round the Crumstone could always attract the grey seals by singing "The Rock of Ages." As evidence that they could discriminate between the different tunes, it was said that when "Home Sweet Home" was sung they were perfectly indifferent to its charms. It may be that the performer did not excel in either case, and was probably more at fault with the latter than with the former.

In the grey seal, although the animal is much larger, the brain is not so well developed, nor is it as intelligent as its smaller cousin. It does not settle down so well in confinement, being generally ill-tempered and given to sulking.

The food of both species is, of course, mainly fish; they do not disdain gulls and wild-fowl if they can capture them, which they do not infrequently. When frequenting the estuaries they inflict serious damage upon the salmon entering the rivers, often following them a considerable distance up the stream. Along the coast they regularly do a vast amount of harm to the salmon nets; even a young seal can do a deal of damage when it becomes entangled in the nets, when in pursuit of its prey.

They devour an immense number of herrings, which are swallowed whole; cuttle fish they do not disdain and molluscs, starfish, sea-urchins and crustaceans generally form part of their regular diet. To some extent they are of assistance to fishermen, for they devour large numbers of eels, terrible enemies to other fish life. It is recorded that one seal shot on the Danish coast in 1903 had forty large eels inside it.

Their method of feeding, in the case of a fish of any size, is to seize it with their teeth, and hold the body with both fore flippers. With a circular movement of the head a large piece of skin and flesh is torn off, which is swallowed in a leisurely manner, the remainder of the fish, in the meanwhile, sinking, to be recovered as soon as the seal is ready for another bite. Not infrequently, after capturing a fish, they will play with it for some time, exactly in the manner of a cat with a mouse.

Seal shooting, taking the sportsman into some of the wildest parts of our coast, requires considerable skill and nerve, and a knowledge of the ways of the animals, to be successful. If a

useful to the furrier, is procured. The flesh is edible, but unpalatable to most tastes. The fat under the skin provides an oil which in these days has, no doubt, a greater value than ever thought possible in pre-war times.

## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

AS I lay out in the shelter in the misty November afternoon and looked across the shaggy lawn, grey with rime, the sudden unaccustomed ring of a bugle sounded from the village green. It was England—the heart of Buckinghamshire—and the steady and familiar thump of the football betrayed to all who know the English countryside that it was Saturday. That strange challenging bugle-call, ringing through the stripped and haggard trees, arrested me.



THE COMMON SEAL TAKES HIS PLEASURES SOLITARILY—

Our housekeeper, born in the village, who in her childhood thirty years ago used to travel the twenty-five miles to London on the top of the great hay-wagons that were, even in those late days, the most favoured means of transport, came out to me, bringing a hot-water bottle. She heard the strange note, too, and listened.

"What's that?" I asked.

"There's a military funeral this afternoon, sir," she answered.

"Who is it?"

"Young Alf Jordan. Son of the carrier on the hill. You know."

She said the words calmly. Indeed, it was clear that she took the boy's death as a matter of course. Yet there are few more deeply loving women than Mrs. Hazel; and she had known the lad from his toddling days. Her attitude of mind impressed me. After more than two years, war and its consequences have grown so familiar as to cause no surprise and even little resentment. It and they have come to be a natural dispensation and to be accepted as such. Not even the gratuitous death, with accompanying horrors, of this rosy village lad can disturb us in our new habit of mind.

A little more than two years ago the dead soldier was peering forward into life, confiding to his intimates the opening experiences, the hopes and ambitions of seventeen. True those ambitions centred chiefly round a football; but they might well have done worse. Alf was inchoate but aspiring. He was just beginning to wonder whether the time had not come for him to drop the boyish habit of going to church for the manlier practice of leaning against the wall and watching the girls do so.

In August, 1914, propping thus his favourite wall, he saw the first rush to the colours of the older men, and heard his mother thank Heaven her Alf was too young to go. Then I do not suppose that it ever occurred to his callow mind that the Ogre, who had risen stark and terrible across the Narrow Seas,



—AND DOES NOT LOOK KINDLY UPON THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

seal is shot when in the water the body at once sinks; if in deep water, beyond recovery; if on the rocks and near the water they generally manage to throw themselves into it, even though mortally wounded, and recovery may be somewhat difficult. The habit of shooting seals from vessels passing their haunts, with no prospect of recovering or making use of the victim, cannot be too strongly condemned. He is a pretty poor sort of sportsman who will wantonly take the life of any beautiful or interesting creature, without any prospect of turning its remains to a useful purpose. The skins of British seals, having no underfur, are not valuable, and it must be realised that these animals are not the ones from which the well known "sealskin," so

waving bloody arms like a windmill and devouring men by the million, would some day get him too. He was patriotic but impersonal.

"I ain't old enough," said young Alf. "Only wish I were." And he returned to his football, his friends, and his surreptitious cigarettes. But the Ogre, whose cry was still that of the Daughter of the Horse-leech, proved insatiable.

Last summer, at the cherry-picking time, young Alf, now nineteen, joined up. Whether he went as a volunteer or a conscript I cannot say, and do not greatly care. Probably he did not know himself. In fact, whatever his title, he went as millions of others have gone—because he must. At the time Alf took the King's shilling, England was pushing troops out to France at an incredible speed; for the Ogre, who slobbered blood, was swallowing men a hundred thousand at a gulp.

Three months after he joined Alf found himself on what we in the village call The Sommie, pronouncing the word to rhyme with Tommy. The Ogre spotted the lank English boy, marked him for his own, pounced on him at once, shook him terribly and dropped him still alive.

They brought what was left of the lad home across the sea and yet not home. In a gaunt hospital in a grim town squandered on the banks of the Medway, amid the clang of an arsenal pouring forth day and night the instruments of massacre, far from the cherry woods of Penn and the beech woods of the Chiltern Hills, young Alf died—very gladly.

When the Ogre had quite done with him and Alf was at peace again at last they brought him back to the cottage of his father on the hill, where the only noise was the chatter of his little brothers and sisters and the thump of the undying football on the village green. Alf, lying in the little back room, a sprinkle of wild cherry leaves crimson upon his breast, did not hear, did not care. But his face told you that for him the Eternal Silence was reward enough after the noises he had been subject to of late.

This afternoon the soldiers are coming from High Wycombe; and this village lad, who attracted no attention in his life, is to be buried with honour and ceremony by the country which asked him to give his all. Alf gave it ungrudgingly, without quite knowing why, doubtless with jokes, some of them not very good.

What the trouble was all about Alf didn't know and didn't ask. Had you questioned him on the point he would have answered a little sullenly: "Reck'n they asked for it."

But the Spirit of the Hive, that mysterious and impelling Voice which can only be denied at the cost of eternal loss, bade him go, bade him die. He went and he died, less of his own free will than in answer to the insistent Hum of the threatened Swarm. For Alf was wise with the ancient wisdom of a race that has stood established for centuries among the nations of earth upon a foundation none can assail because it has placed its trust, not in individuals, nor in intellectual might, nor in material strength, but in instinct immemorial and true immutably. Alf laid down his own life that he might take it up again. He merged his reason in the Wisdom of the Hive; and now he is satisfied, I do not doubt, that his gain immeasurably exceeds his loss.

I heard the gun-carriage rumble by in the road; later the sound of volley-firing; and then the "Last Post" ringing through the fog.

It is, I expect, the first military funeral that Penn, in all its history of a thousand years, has known. True Hampden was slain not far from here; and it may be that some Puritan trooper or gay cavalier, killed in the same trouble, found rest under the walls of the church upon the brow. If so, he was buried only by his friends and not by a nation in arms mourning over a lost comrade.

Next morning I passed the churchyard. The upturned earth, looking raw, marked the soldier's grave; a handful of carelessly thrown flints, a few evergreens, a wreath and a tin cross. It looked cold and unkempt. Man, returning his earth to earth, had made a discord; and Nature would be a while before, with comforting touch, she could restore the harmonies. In time she will mend the mischief; and we shall very soon forget.

Fifty years hence, boys and girls, in whose veins maybe runs the same blood that coursed in Alf's, philandering under the limes in the churchyard of moonlit nights, may stumble on his grave and hush suddenly in the silence.

"He was a soldier, I have heard."

"What was his name?"

"I don't know."

"They say he was killed in the War."

Ministries rise and fall; Emperors come and go; campaigns are waged; countries laid waste; great ships sunk. But to me this tiny incident is far more significant than them all of the dim and splendid tragedy moving majestically to its appointed end on the world's stage before our eyes. *They* are but the froth and chatter of the time; the death of this boy the deep and enduring reality.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

## IN THE GARDEN

### TESTING GARDEN SEEDS.

THE new Seed Testing Station for England and Wales installed in the offices of the Food Production Department is useful so far as it goes, but it has its limitations. It is able to give a guarantee that a certain percentage of seeds from a given sample is capable of germinating, but there is a tendency on the part of the public to attach far too much importance to this guarantee. There is, for example, a desire, especially among newly formed gardening societies, to purchase seeds in the cheapest market so long as the seeds come up to the guaranteed standard of germination.

The writer is a member of a local allotment society, and the question of purchasing seeds which is now occupying the thoughts of many similar societies came up for consideration at a recent meeting. One member of the committee, who was eager to buy cheap seeds irrespective of strain or variety, expressed the view that "a Cabbage was a Cabbage, and so long as the seed will germinate that is all we want." Now, one of the chief merits of a Cabbage is the rapidity with which it will reach maturity. There are Cabbages which are fit to cut in twelve weeks from the time of sowing, and there are others that take twelve months. The same principle applies to most other vegetables; in fact, by careful selection of early varieties it is possible to secure three crops in the place of one. The power of germination is a minor point where we are concerned with intensive cultivation. The guarantee of germination is not intended to be a test for quality or purity of strain. It is, in fact, well known among experienced growers that the primitive varieties of plants germinate far better than the superior varieties which are the result of years of selection and cross-fertilisation. Seed of the wild Parsnip would doubtless germinate far better than that of the finest Hollow Crown, and it would be surprising if wild Celery did not germinate better than Aldenham Pink; but the wildings are worse than useless, they are even poisonous. And yet the Government test for purity indicates the percentage true to the *species* only. Apart from the fact that the germination test is no guarantee for purity of strain or quality of variety, it is, we think, possible to attach too much importance to tests which are carried out in the laboratory in an ideal temperature and under conditions which are altogether different from the surroundings in which the seeds are actually to be sown and grown. We mention these points not to criticise the work of the newly formed Government Seed Testing Station, but to point out to the unwary that they may be led astray by the Government guarantee of germination. The grower should be prepared

to pay a fair price for the seed he requires. If he insists on a low price, he is practically insisting on low quality. After all, we are dependent for quality upon the reputation of the firm who supply the seeds, while the trials of various stocks carried out by the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley and judged by special committees appointed for that purpose also afford a useful guide to the best cropping varieties. No one can have opportunities at all equal to those at the disposal of a large seed house for experimenting on an extensive scale, or for studying the habits of the newer varieties of vegetables and their readiness to respond to exceptional treatment. A seedsman's trial grounds may extend to 50 acres or 100 acres, where every kind and variety of vegetables and flowers are tested every year for comparison and relative usefulness. The date of every sowing in well ordered experimental grounds, such as are the pride of our leading firms of seedsmen, is entered up in the trial books together with observations on the usefulness or otherwise of any particular variety. Some idea of the possibilities for useful study may be gathered from the fact that in a season one firm alone has made sowings of 1,158 trials of Peas, 1,351 trials of Brassicas (such as Cauliflowers, Cabbage, Broccoli and Savoy), and 360 trials of Onions; and when it is remembered that some of the varieties of the same kind of vegetable come to maturity in less than half—sometimes in one-third—the time which others take, it will be evident that great possibilities exist for increasing the vegetable supply in a season. In the circumstances in which we as a nation are now placed, the production of a second and even a third crop of young tender vegetables in double quick time is assured by growing varieties which, as a result of continual selection by seedsmen over a number of years, are now found to mature quickly. Quality has been improved correspondingly. We are, for instance, no longer limited to the relatively tasteless varieties formerly known as Early Peas. In the round seeded types we find Pilot, Bountiful, Earliest Blue and Ringleader to be most useful; while in the first-early Marrowfats World's Record, First of All, Ideal and Little Marvel are varieties to note for their excellent results. Sown in April, all these varieties will mature in about eleven weeks; and sown in mid-July, these same varieties have given delicious Peas in September and October. Earliness is one of the great effects of selection and cross-breeding, and the thanks of the nation are due to the seedsmen of this country who have brought about such good results; but it does not follow that the germinating capacity of the superior varieties is equal to that of the older and primitive varieties. We could not expect it so.

H. C.



**S**ITUATED in the pleasantest part of rural Middlesex, Wrotham Park, built in 1754 by the gallant but unfortunate Admiral Byng from the designs of Isaac Ware, commands a noble view westwards in the direction of Elstree and Pinner. There is a little uncertainty whether the gallant Admiral, who was shot on March 14th, 1757, ever actually occupied the present house. From an old estate map in the possession of the Earl of Strafford, dated September 6th, 1750, and headed "An exact plan of the Estate belonging to the Hon<sup>ble</sup> John Byng Esq. Vice Admiral, situate at Kick's End in the Parish of South Mimms," it is clear that there was an existing house apparently approximately on the same site. It is described as the freehold of — Dagg, Esq., and a considerable house is shown with a walled garden, ending with a formally laid out pond. Part of a moat also appears on the plan. It is probable that the new mansion for Admiral Byng was begun immediately after the date of this map, and it is possible that the date 1754 may be that of the completion.

There are some interesting references to Admiral Byng in his sister's, Mrs. Sarah Osborn's, letters, "Political and Social Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century," edited

by E. F. D. Osborn, 1890. Thus on August 14th, 1750, she has a note:

Admiral Byng thrown down in his Park by a buck . . . now gone to Bath and surprisingly recovered.

From Stratton Street on July 30th, 1751, she writes to her brother:

My dear Danvers,—I have a presentiment of coming evil . . . to our family, why I know not, but 'tis to be hoped I am mistaken. We have had enough, God knows, but if it comes, we must meet it with fortitude and resignation. At present we are all well here—Lord and Lady Torrington and David came to Kits End by ten a Sunday, and we stayd there last night and dind with Sister Torrington at Hendon.

From Chicksands she writes in September, 1751:

Sunday, Brother Edward went to Kits End for some time and I with him for a few hours' visite. I never saw the owner better, quite happy there, talks of keeping it warm the whole winter, spends his time chearfull and comfortable with his old Dame, as he calls her.

Her son, Sir Danvers, died in 1753, and as the last letter is October 3rd, 1751, there is a gap which lasts for fifteen years exactly at the point where news of the new Wrotham might be expected. In a work on "the Parish of South Mimms," by F. C. Cass, M.A. (1877), mention is made of





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GREAT PORTICO.

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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the farm of Knightsland, one of the oldest houses in the neighbourhood. It is said to have been occupied by Admiral Byng when he was engaged in erecting his mansion of Wrotham Park, and contains some wood panelling from the State room of the *Barfleur*, the Flagship of his father, the first Lord Torrington.

The panelling is still in the house and the tradition is an interesting one.

The house probably occupied from three to four years in building, and, if only begun in 1754, can hardly have been finished before John Byng left on his last expedition for the relief of Minorca. The pediment sculpture of Neptune with attendant sea nymphs, as well as Ware's designs for two of the original mantelpieces with marine subjects indicate, however, that everything had been designed for the Admiral's occupation. The particulars given in the first edition (1756) of the "Compleat Body of Architecture" are, so far as Wrotham is concerned, identical with those in the re-issue of 1768, and in both, for some unexplained reason, the owner is given as George Byng, Esq. The only reference to a John Byng is attached to the plate of a wind-dial mantelpiece designed by Ware and stated to be for John Byng's house in Berkeley Square. Both editions call the house Wrotham Tuek, an unexplained expression, sometimes regarded as a mere misprint for Park.

The use of the Kentish name of Wrotham is due to family association. There were Byngs at Wrotham in the days of Henry VII. George, the famous Viscount Torrington, was born there in 1663, and started his naval career at the age of fifteen. He was an intermediary in the coming over of William of Orange in 1688. In 1702 he was in the affair at Vigo, and two years later was present at the taking of Gibraltar. Appointed Vice-Admiral of the Blue in that year he was knighted in addition; and, after useful service off the coast of Scotland during the 1715 rising, he overthrew the Spanish Fleet in 1718 while protecting the coasts of Italy. In 1707 he had shown remarkable presence of

mind while acting as second under Sir Cloudesly Shovel when the Fleet was returning from the siege of Toulon. Being next in the line when the Admiral's lights went out all of a sudden, Byng guessed the cause, set his topsails, put out the same lights as the Admiral had, and, steering a different course, drew the Fleet after him. An incident that has a very modern accent.

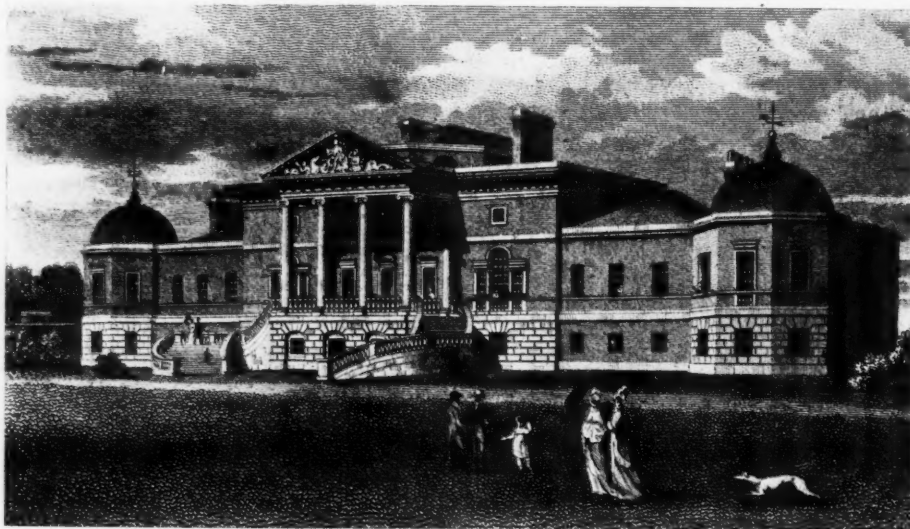
The preamble to his patent of 1721 usefully reminds us, "As the stability of the British Empire depends chiefly upon knowledge and experience in maritime affairs, We esteem those worthy of the highest honours, who acting under Our influence, exert themselves in maintaining Our dominion over the Sea. It is for this reason that We have determined to advance to the degree of Peerage Our trusty and well beloved Counsellor Sir George Byng, Knight and Baronet, etc." He married in Covent Garden Church on March 5th, 1619, Margaret, daughter of James Master of East Langden, Kent, and had eleven sons and four daughters. It was the son of Robert (1703-40), the third son of the Viscount, who succeeded to Wrotham after the unhappy ending of Admiral John, the fourth son.

This John was born in 1704 and, taking to the sea, was in service off the Scottish coast during the second rising of 1745. As Admiral of the Blue in 1756 he was given eleven ships for the intended relief of Minorca. Finding himself faced by a superior fleet, Byng, after an inconclusive engagement, in the exercise of his undoubted discretion, withdrew from the Mediterranean. The public fury was aroused at this instance of mismanagement, and the Admiral, in the words attributed to Edmund Burke, which

are also to be seen inscribed on his tomb:

to the perpetual disgrace of public justice fell a martyr to political persecution on March 14, 1757, when bravery and loyalty were insufficient securities for the life and honour of a naval officer.

Byng's final statement is calm and clear, and ends on the high note: "The supreme Judge sees



WROTHAM PARK IN 1805.



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LEAD AND MARBLE VASES.

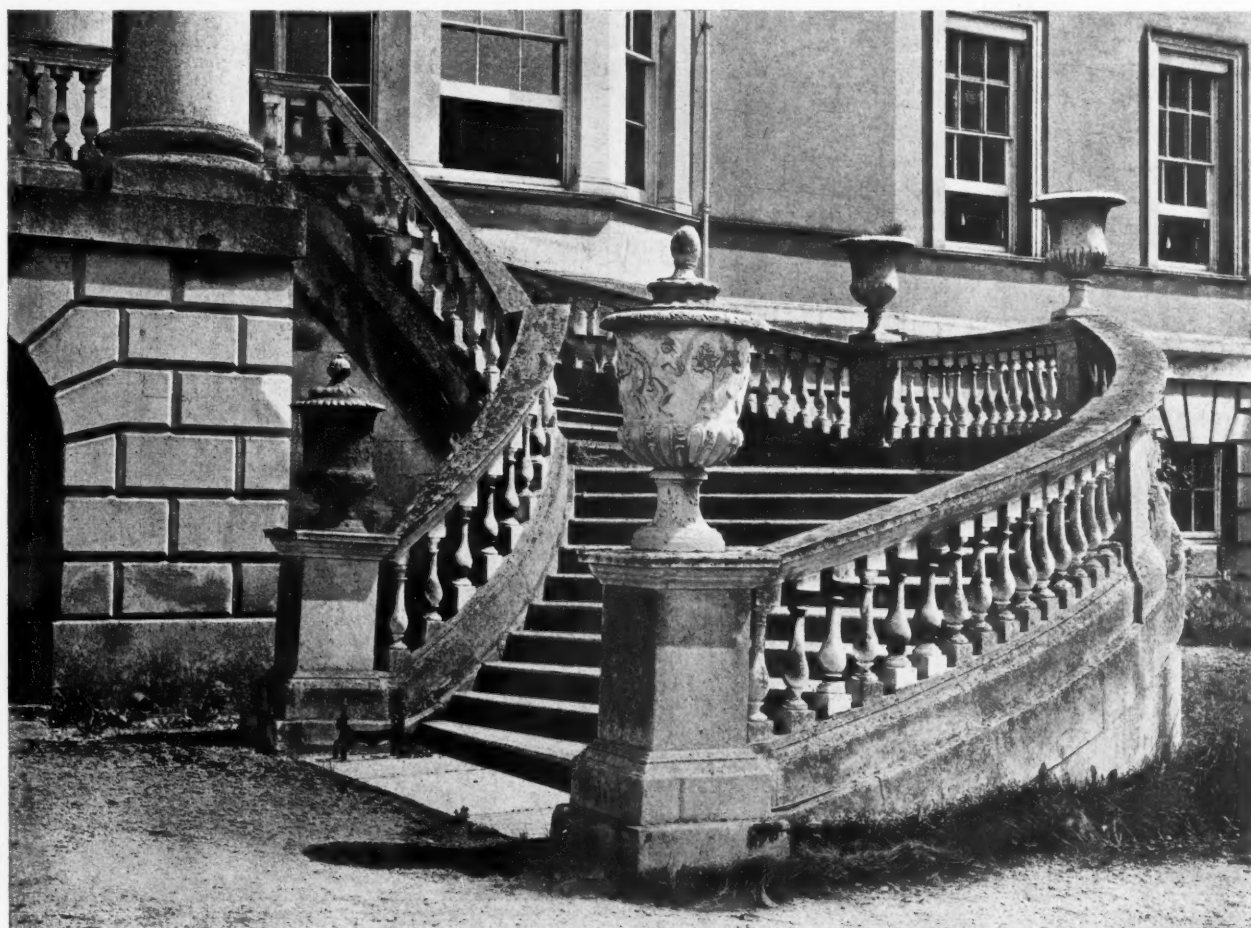
"COUNTRY LIFE."

all hearts and motives, and to Him I must submit the Justice of my cause."

The Admiral died a bachelor and was succeeded by his nephew George, born 1735, who married in 1761 the daughter of the Right Hon. William Conolly of Castle Town, County Kildare. Her mother was Lady Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford. The latter, who died in 1739, was great nephew of the celebrated favourite of Charles I. He had served under Marlborough, and on the death of the son of the first Earl of Strafford without issue

he succeeded to the barony of Raby by special limitation. He was created Earl of Strafford by Queen Anne in 1711. As Ambassador he rendered great services in the negotiation of the Treaty of Utrecht, which he signed in 1712. His portrait hangs in the entrance hall, and there are also in the house several blue and white Dutch vases with the interlaced R of Raby.

George Byng, born 1735, as above mentioned, represented Middlesex in Parliament. He was succeeded by his son George, born in 1764, who was M.P. for Middlesex for



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DETAILS OF STAIRWAY.

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THE TERRACE WALK.

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fifty-six years and became Father of the House of Commons. He married Harriet, eighth daughter of Sir William Montgomery, Bart., and died in 1847, when the estates eventually passed to his brother, General and Field-Marshal Sir John Byng, great-grandson of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford, as above mentioned. In the State dining-room, over the mantelpiece, is the portrait of General Sir John Byng. Born in 1772 he entered the Army in 1793 as ensign in the 33rd, and with them, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, served in the disastrous Flanders Campaign in 1793-95.

In 1797 he was aide-de-camp to General Vyce during the Irish Rebellion. He was through the Peninsular War, and commanded the Brigade of Guards at Waterloo, defending the farm of Hougomont, and his grandson, General Sir Julian Byng, now commanding the 3rd Army in France, was born at Wrotham Park. His services were recognised by his creation as Baron Strafford in 1835, and, in 1847, Viscount Enfield and first Earl of Strafford of the new creation. He had married in 1804 Mary, daughter of Peter Mackenzie. On his death in 1860 he was succeeded by his son George Stevens, who married Lady Agnes, daughter of the first Marquess of Anglesey. In 1899 the Rev. Francis E. C. Byng, son of George Stevens Earl of Strafford, succeeded his brother, the fourth Earl; and his son, Edmund Henry, sixth Earl, is the present owner of Wrotham.

The curious arrangement of Ware's book is typical of the author's attitude towards house building. He deals with his house designs according to the orders employed: thus Wrotham is classed as an example "Of raising the Ionic in a single series over an arcade."

It is somewhat difficult to disentangle the author's ideas on house planning, which are scattered broadcast over many pages of prosy disquisitions on his favourite subject, the correct use, after the manner of Palladio, of the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian orders. Ware was shrewd enough to realise that every patron could not afford an Order treatment, so he introduces, and apologetically defends, a specimen design in which they are absent. This chapter is headed: "The construction of a country seat without columns, or other expensive decorations." "Here," he remarks, "the architect will see room for a needful and pleasing variety." The house frontage, he lays down, is to be 65ft., and as for the offices,

here comes in the first principle of elegance and contrivance in the plan. He (the student) is not to put the kitchens under the parlours, or the stables in the corner of the yard: a bricklayer could do that, we are speaking of the business of an architect, and we shall show that these offices are far from being under a necessity to be hid, to be inconvenient, or to be placed improperly.

Beauty and use may be consulted together, and, instead of a plain square house of this extent, it will be possible, at a small advance in the charge, to add wings to the centre and connect them by passages. So that from a plain design, such as the vulgar builder would have proposed, here shall arise, with little more expense, a centre, its wings and their communication, the whole regular and uniform.

As a matter of fact, Ware's best work belongs to this despised type, for he never achieved real distinction in what he would have considered the higher walks of revived classic art. If

Ware is recalled, it is as the architect of such pleasant domestic work as the two brick houses at the corner of Eart Street and Bloomsbury Square.

Chesterfield House, his most important town house, really belongs to this class, as the Corinthian order of the original forecourt was only a subordinate feature in a design depending for its effect on the mass, proportion, and the simplicity of a very reasonable piece of house building. It has always compared favourably with the later attempt of Sir William Chambers himself in the design of Melbourne House, Piccadilly. The later architect misses the graciousness of Ware's work and is relatively heavy and clumsy while endeavouring to be massive and simple.

To mention Izaak Walton's masterpiece, just a century earlier (1653), in connection with this other Isaac's "Compleat



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FROM THE LOWER PARK.

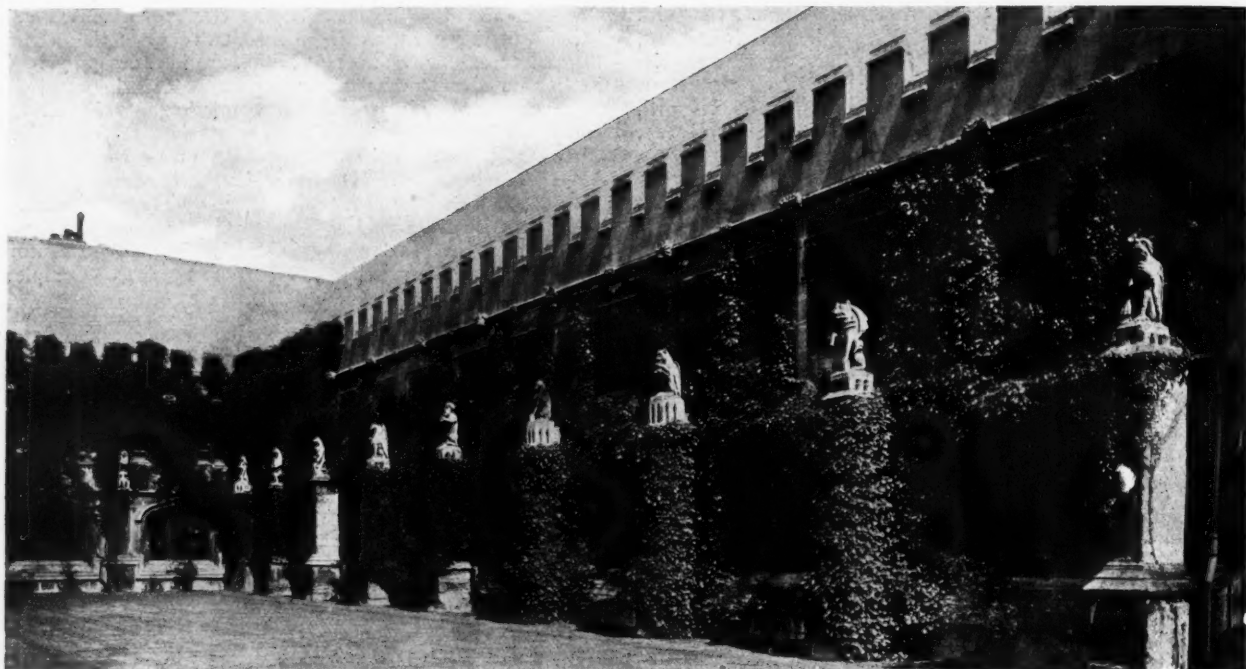
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Body" would be to bestow too much honour on the later work, but they have in common a certain kindly attitude towards the reader. The young architect is exhorted in a spirit that recalls the persuasive instruction tendered to "Venator" by the genially informative "Piscator."

It is easier to imagine the frail-bodied Ware received with true Italian courtesy at the famous villas on the Brenta and in the uplands, where the present fighting is proceeding, than to see him in the Hogarth Circle at Slaughter's, where one may well imagine that his tendency to prosy dissertations must have rendered him the butt of that jovial circle.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

## CLIMBERS AND ARCHITECTURE



*Regrettable indeed is the wanton neglect that is shown in the case of Magdalen Cloister Quad., one of the most beautiful of Oxford's enclosed spaces. The delicate moulded work of the architecture, of string-course and buttress, and much of the window tracery, is lost, and the lower windows are unduly darkened. The grotesque figures of animals on the buttresses look senseless rising from a shapeless mass of vegetation, and the buttresses themselves, instead of standing in unbroken line and showing in a dignified perspective, have their whole effect marred by the fussy interruption of the invading greenery.*

EVERY owner of worthy buildings should guard against both the structural damage and the loss of architectural form and detail that rapidly occur if rampant climbers are set against them and permitted to work their will unhindered. Better than merely checking the evil by constant trimming is its total avoidance by more apt and thoughtful planting. The function of the ivy and the Virginian creeper is to camouflage the ugly, not to obscure the beautiful. There the wall shrub rather than the climber is the right adjunct. By climber I mean the plant that clings or winds; by wall shrub the woody plant that either needs the climatic protection of the wall or its support if, like a lad who has outgrown his strength, it is weak in the back. The true climber is not readily amenable to discipline—it ramps over everything and can only be curtailed drastically, leaving a dense centre with straight edge cuts. But the wall shrub submits willingly to the pruning knife, and the removal of an overgrown or obtruding bough—not the shortening back of all—cures it of the smothering fault and, rightly done, does not impair its natural form and grace.

This is true of some plants with the winding habit, such as the wistaria. A well established plant, cut resolutely back to the wood, enables the latter to be laid in to fit the wall space, running it, for instance, horizontally between an upper and a lower window line. Then at intervals it will burst forth in perfect cata-racts of bloom, followed by foliage. Vines may

be treated in much the same way. Not the Coignetia type, which is too vigorous and smothering, but such examples of the grape vine as that with purple leaves, for grey stone, or one with rather woolly leaves against red brick. In both cases the bronzy black bunches of fruit are a most desirable late summer ornament.

Roses I reckon as wall shrubs. Where there is ample space and a desire for quick growth, nothing is better than American Pillar and Alberic Barbier, for they are green fly and mildew resisting, and their glossy leaves are practically evergreen. The same qualities with a more restrained habit belong to *Rosa sinica anemonæflora*, which did not suffer with me in the 1917 winter. Such roses should not be merely cut back. They should be every two or three years entirely detached from the wall, the old twiggy wood cut out from the bottom, and the more recent shoots only retained. Such taking down implies previous wall preparation with eyes and wire, not casual nailing—a process unworthy of any structure which can claim to be architectural.

Although a big thing, the ever-green magnolia, especially the Exmouth variety, is so desirable and so trainable that it should be admitted where there is a really considerable area of windowless or otherwise unbroken wall. In such a place, if I wanted to get a quick covering, I should plant *Solanum crispum*, which will run up 25ft. in two years, producing a sea of purple bloom in June. Its stems are woody and easily



*A fine old house in a Somerset village, completely disfigured by a coating of ivy. All the dignity of its wrought stone walling is lost. It is to be hoped that it may be entirely cleared; the continued retention of the ivy could only indicate a total disregard of the great architectural merit of the building.*

removable when over-large or numerous or out of place. A few feet off from where it is set plant some slow-growing but permanent wall shrubs, such as myrtle and pomegranate, which will ultimately take its place, and meanwhile its lower boughs and shoots will be made to give way to the gradual upward growth of the choicer subjects. *Solanum jasminoides* is a less reasonable type. It has no respect for its neighbours, but where the climate suits it is so beautiful, flowering richly and bravely till October ends, that it must be allowed a place. Only one survived with me the 1917 winter. It has been rewarded by full liberty of action. But I shall not be sorry for the frost that ends its blooming season, when the knife can be applied that will force it back to its own domain, to the relief of the oppressed *Edwardsia* and *ceanothus* by its side.

The *ceanothus* are excellent wall shrubs. The deciduous *Gloire de Versailles* soon rises to 15ft. and, well cut back each spring, has a double flowering season. Of the evergreens, *rigidus* is the most choice in its manner of flowering, and its habit of growth is vertical and reserved, whereas *dentatus* and *divaricatus* are rather profuse and horizontal in growth to suit a house wall. Of other evergreens, *Cratægus Pyracantha* is far and away the best for a north wall, while for the south the choice is wide. Jasmines and *escallonias*, myrtles and the bigger *cistuses* are excellent. The golden *euonymus* has a sunny look in winter. *Veronicas* are beautiful, but few survived the 1917 winter. The beautiful *Veronica Hulkeana*, however, did, and is a desirable subject where a height of only 5ft. or so is needed.

H. A. T.

## NATURE'S CAMOUFLAGE.—II

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CAPTAIN F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

EXCELLENT as the colouring of the pachyderms is from the protective point of view, one would hardly include them as good examples of camouflage. They owe their invisibility to a want of marking. Camouflage rather suggests concealment by means of markings. Elephants and rhinos have no enemies to fear in the ordinary course of events, and it is seldom by sight that they are found even by the

birds of prey. The wonderful sight of the falcon is often insufficient to enable it to detect the cowering partridge on the plough. I have on several occasions seen a peregrine knock down a partridge in an open field and then lose it. Still, the fact remains that in Nature most things are coloured in such a way that, at any rate in some environments in which they periodically find themselves, they do gain advantage from their markings.



THINKING THAT THE DANGER MIGHT HAVE PASSED HE PUT UP HIS HEAD.

human hunter. Elephants are usually followed up by tracking, and it is very seldom that one would spot them by sight even though they were as gaudily marked as a giraffe. Rhinos vary their habits locally; they seem more completely at home in dense bush than elsewhere, but are often found out in the open plains disdaining all concealment. Even then, nothing but man armed with a rifle is likely to be dangerous to them. One would hardly expect to find Nature providing them with protection against such a modern danger as a man with a rifle. Even poisoned bow and arrow are hardly natural weapons of offence. It would seem that Nature holds no danger to the pachyderms except the rare efforts of a hungry lion to catch a young calf.

Even the antelopes hardly require protection from the eye of any enemy. Gazelles inhabiting open plains, where they stand out distinctly, are as safe as, or safer than, the speckled denizen of the bush. In either case their danger is practically always from their scent. It is true that lions, leopards, etc., generally have a good look at their game. But in the first instance, except in open plains, they generally discover their quarry by smell. So I imagine that it would make little difference to any of the antelopes or big game if they were conspicuously coloured or not. Where protective coloration is really useful is in the case of insects, birds and small mammals which form the quarry of

The rhino in the illustration, busy licking a palm tree, has a mottled look about his head which very closely resembles the tree. He was a nasty fellow, that rhino, with a distaste for photography. When first seen he was alternately licking the tree and rubbing his neck against it. So busy was he at his occupation that I got within 25yds. or so to take this photograph, practically without cover. He was so engrossed in his own thoughts that, after finishing his toilet against the tree, he walked slowly across my front, enabling me to take two excellent photographs of him. One of these shows how invisible a huge creature may become when right in the open. He finally woke up very suddenly on recognising the strangeness of the sound when the camera clicked startlingly from a range of 20yds. He lost no time thinking what he should do, but did it. His truculence, unfortunately, cost him his life. In an open place there is nothing else to do but to shoot, and to shoot straight and quick. Fortunately, such a finale has usually been avoidable.

On one occasion I had a friend and several natives with me, and when our pachyderm took the offensive we gave a simultaneous and prearranged yell, which so upset him that he "about turned" and took refuge in panic-stricken flight. This scheme, however, failed dismally on certain other occasions. One *contretemps* took place close to the site of the earlier



ORYX SHOWING UP FAINTLY AGAINST DUST-COLOURED GROUND AND THIN BUSHES.

fighting in East Africa, below Mount Kilimanjaro. This rhino was a cantankerous spirit; a bevy of birds combined their duties of sentry with a square meal of various parasites haunting their host, which are such a feature of Africa. Their appetite on this occasion exceeded their vigilance, so I got unusually near. As a rule the rhino is warned by the birds flying up with shrill cries when the danger is still some distance away. In this case, however, he evidently realised that the matter was urgent, for without warning he came, making an excellent shot for the small bush behind which my gun-bearer and I were stalking him. As arranged, we shouted together. Possibly the chorus was not full enough, and the volume of sound consequently inadequate. In any case he came on undeterred, with a look on his face which identified his intentions as "strictly business." A first shot with a heavy rifle added zest to his attack, but a second, more carefully placed, stopped him just nine feet away. It was some months before I felt enthusiasm for photographing rhinos again.

My experience of rhinos is that they charge if they suddenly become aware of a danger close upon them. If a rhino gets your wind some distance away, he likes to nose about and see what to make of it, and then as a rule clears out. But if he is suddenly surprised by a danger which appears to him to admit of no hesitation in dealing with, he goes for it. He feels cornered and impelled to make a fight for it. With a bit of cover and a little luck, one can usually keep out of his way. Once past the danger, he heaves a sigh of relief and thankfully puts distance between himself and the trouble. There are very unpleasant exceptions to this rule, however, and he may,

especially if wounded, keep his head and fairly hunt the intruder. It is on these occasions that one does well to make sure one's gun-bearer is not sprinting for the horizon carrying one's heavy rifle.

Here is a group of oryx standing, a happy, lazy little family, whiling away the day chewing the cud of contentment. The scimitar horns with which both sexes are armed add to their noble appearance, and they know how to use them. A wounded oryx is to be treated with the greatest respect. A sporting dog's first meeting with one of them is liable to be its last, so quick and so deadly is the oryx's use of these terrible weapons.

I spent the best part of a morning watching this herd. Many small duels took place, not very serious ones, but enough to show that the oryx knows the value of his horns as a weapon and likes to practise them. The herd showed up very faintly against the dust-coloured ground and

the thin bush from the cliff above where I sat watching them. If I took my eye off them for one moment, there was some little difficulty in picking them up again. The oryx is one of the most handsomely marked of African antelopes. The jet black patches on his face contrast vividly with the pale fawn skin. On the fore legs just above the knee he has a band of black, a surprising and seemingly useless marking, and also a stripe on the side. One would think these would show him up; in fact, they actually tone him down. The patches of black seem incidents in the groundscape and break up the flatness of his otherwise whole colour.

As an instance of how Nature runs to the opposite extreme at times, while I was sitting on this hill photographing these oryx I could see about half a mile away, and standing out like a lightship at sea, a cock ostrich in perfect plumage. Its jet black body was shown up by the brilliant white of the wing



HOW INVISIBLE A HUGE CREATURE MAY BECOME WHEN RIGHT IN THE OPEN.

and tail plumes. So obvious was it that it caught the eye at once. Through glasses I could see it was sitting. I thought of our larder and of the many days' march which lay between us and the nearest fowls' eggs. It was a matter of the greatest difficulty to mark down the exact spot in a thin bush, flat valley without landmarks. We managed to make a sufficiently accurate shot. The bird went off while we were still some distance away, but we ultimately came on the nest (if it can be so called) with four eggs shining brightly and unmistakably, and visible as far away as the bush allowed a view. We shared the eggs evenly with the proud father, who later on resumed his duties as if nothing had happened. It is curious that this habit of the cock bird of sitting on the eggs during the absence of the hen is specially noticeable in the ostrich, for there is no bird or animal in Africa which shows up at a greater distance.

The hen ostrich's sombre suiting, of course, matches its surroundings perfectly, but even then her overdressed spouse puts her into the danger of having her nest found by his mere presence in the neighbourhood.

The ordinary means of concealment adopted by the hippo is simply submerging. When on the surface in open water he



HIPPO HIDING IN A PATCH OF PAPYRUS REEDS.

is a very conspicuous object. The ripples he creates and the spray he spurts into the air are hardly conducive to concealment. But when he knows danger is about he has a way of coming up very gently, making little ripple and exposing the minimum of himself. In the picture shown here the hippo was alarmed. He submerged, but at length, thinking that the danger might have passed, he put up his head to see what had happened. He was in a pool heavily shaded by overhanging trees. I was under dense bushes at the water's edge; hence his difficulty in recognising me and the comparatively unnoticeable appearance of his huge and hideous head.

The hippo in this photograph at the head of the article evidently saw me, but in the gloom of the river bank he could not fully identify my crouching figure. He had a distinctly hostile look on his face, and each time he submerged I could not help wondering if he was going to appear at the water's edge with evil intentions. I had no mind for such a contingency, being on a steep slope into which I had to dig my heels in order to avoid being precipitated into the water. As the river was full of crocodiles a more undesirable prospect could hardly be imagined. Each time the hippo's head made its appearance it was always a little nearer. Having satisfied myself that I had got a good picture I climbed up the bank whilst the monster was under water. I do not think he really meant business, but in such a position, when any movement was likely to result in a ducking with crocodiles and hippos as bathing companions, I felt considerably relieved when I stood once more firmly on the bank. Discretion is, indeed, sometimes the better part of valour.

In another illustration the hippo is seen close to a patch of papyrus reeds. On the approach of danger, all he has to do is to put up his head among the reeds. He is then quite invisible, but can see sufficiently well to recognise whether or not it is safe to come out into the open.



HIS MOTTLED HEAD CLOSELY RESEMBLES THE TREE

## LITERATURE

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK

*The Candle of Vision*, by "A. E." (Macmillan.)

AN Irish circles the personality indicated by the letters "A. E." is one of the most loved and familiar. On this side of the Channel "A. E." has many friends and admirers, but beyond their circle his fame is but a matter of rumour. The paradox is that he has played a great part in the work of reorganising agriculture in Ireland, and at the same time he is a poet and a writer of imaginative prose. It would, however, be well worth while for those who have not entered into intimacy with him to read his latest book, *The Candle of Vision*. They would probably find it difficult to enter into his moods, and when they entered that intricate domain find admiration contending with bewilderment. For "A. E." like one of those spiders which anticipated the building of flying machines, has established a frail, beautiful line of gossamer between the seen and the unseen. Along it he trips like one of the fairies with whom he holds familiar converse when he seeks solitude on the Irish hills. Things of the spirit are themes of his daily talks, and he cares not with whom he discusses them, often startling the Irish farmer with a matter-of-fact reference to his conversations with those of no mortal birth. He sees the viewless forms of air even as Shakespeare's lover heard the stars singing to the young-eyed Cherubim. But the knowledge of that must grow slowly. The dramatic writer is understood more easily than he who is concerned only with his own dreams and visions. A Chaucer, like the "prose Homer of human life," laughs and rocks in Rabelais' easy chair and finds meat and drink in the minds and deeds of others. He gathers together merry widows and gentle squires, reeve and miller and knight and rejoices in their broad country talk and broader wit, uniting all harmoniously, all by the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. But beside Chaucer "A. E." has no place. He is sealed of the tribe of William Wordsworth. The book that rose to our mind most frequently when reading *The Candle of Vision* was the pathetic "Story of My Heart" of Richard Jefferies. Yet there is little parallel to be drawn between the two writers. The work of Jefferies ever borders upon bewilderment and despair. But "A. E." is little troubled with doubt. He describes the retrospects and meditations of which his book is composed as "the efforts of an artist and poet to relate his own vision to the vision of the seers and writers of the sacred books." It is a high claim, but whether it be established or not the reader will find worlds of stimulating thought within these covers. But one limitation must be pointed out at the very start. Neither in his verse nor in his prose does "A. E." sound the voice of passion or regret, those two emotions which have made the greatest of all verse. His "Babylon," for example, ends thus:

and that young Babylonian maid,  
One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that tide  
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my side.  
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings,  
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal things.

Even sour John Knox, if we may judge from the famous passage, would not have missed the eternal pathos of that young maid of Babylon. "Earth goeth to earth," says the melancholy epitaph in Melrose Abbey, and her going, even to this day, cannot fail to leave something of that delicate regret caused by the flutter of an insect's wings as it passes on a summer day. She is one of the "dear dead women" of Robert Browning, or of those of whom Nash wrote in Elizabethan days:

Brightness falls from the air,  
Queens have died young and fair,  
Dust hath closed Helen's eyes.

It is part of the song of the ages chanted by all the wise from the day of Job to that of Tennyson. Here are the *lachrymæ rerum* for which there is no compensation in the "calm and proud procession of eternal things." It is nature's unalterable sorrow.

If he shows himself conscious of this lack, it is to show that it has been amply replaced, as in the following passage:

It is because it is so laborious to cultivate the will we find in literature endless analysis of passion and thought, but rarely do we find one writing as if he felt the powers leaping up in his body as the thronged thoughts leap up in the brain.

We would rather not have placed a finger on this one conspicuous deficiency and weakness, but that to get on the proper terms with the writer it is necessary to take what is real and refuse what, to us, is unreal. The greatness of a

Homer or a Shakespeare does not rest so much in the finer vision they possess, as on that great and noble sobriety by which they carry the common sense of mankind with them so that nothing they say appears to be impossible, and the sadness of unfulfilment which goes through literature cannot be otherwise than true. But leaving this aside for the moment, it is a very rare and great pleasure to follow Mr. Russell in the deliverances which make this book. Even at times when we are unconvinced our admiration goes out freely to the power, sincerity and greatness of the writer. The key chapter is, we think, the one called "Meditations." After a very eloquent passage which begins thus: "Meditation is a fiery brooding on that majestic Self," he goes on to give his experiences:

By imagination and will we re-enter true being, becoming that we conceive of. On that path of fiery brooding I entered. At first all was stupor. I felt as one who steps out of day into the colourless night of a cavern, and that was because I had suddenly reversed the habitual motions of life. We live normally seeing through the eyes, hearing through the ears, stirred by the senses, moved by bodily powers, and receiving only such spiritual knowledge as may pass through a momentary purity of our being. On the mystic path we create our own light, and at first we struggle blind and baffled, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, unable to think, unable to imagine.

His advice is to persist and persist in meditation through weeks and months until the mind is quickened, the imagination made more vivid. The following passage is quoted partly for its strange appealing beauty and partly to show what meditation led to:

As the will grew more intense, the longing for the ancestral self more passionate, there came glimpses of more rapturous life in the being of Earth. Once I lay on the sand dunes by the western sea. The air seemed filled with melody. The motion of the wind made a continuous musical vibration. Now and then the silvery sound of bells broke on my ear. I saw nothing for a time. Then there was an intensity of light before my eyes like the flashing of sunlight through a crystal. It widened like the opening of a gate and I saw the light was streaming from the heart of a glowing figure. Its body was pervaded with light as if sunfire rather than blood ran through its limbs. Light streams flowed from it. It moved over me along the winds, carrying a harp, and there was a circling of golden hair that swept across the strings. Birds flew about it, and over the brows was a fiery plumage as of wings of outspread flame. On the face was an ecstasy of beauty and immortal youth. There were others, a lordly folk, and they passed by on the wind as if they knew me not or the earth I lived on. When I came back to myself my own world seemed grey and devoid of light, though the summer sun was hot upon the sands.

This does not arouse the incredulity which is started by a story which seems closely akin to those related by Spiritualists:

Once in an idle interval in my work I sat with my face pressed in my hands, and in that dimness pictures began flickering in my brain. I saw a little dark shop, the counter before me, and behind it an old man fumbling with some papers, a man so old that his motions had lost swiftness and precision. Deeper in the store was a girl, red-haired, with grey, watchful eyes fixed on the old man. I saw that to enter the shop one must take two steps downwards from a cobbled pavement without. I questioned a young man, my office companion, who then was writing a letter, and I found that what I had seen was his father's shop. All my imaginations—the old man, his yellow-haired beard, his fumbling movements, the watchful girl, her colour, the steps, the cobbled pavement—were not imaginations of mine in any true sense, for while I was in a vacant mood my companion had been thinking of his home, and his brain was populous with quickened memories, and they invaded my own mind, and when I made question I found their origin.

The criticism of this rests on its purposelessness. Here are two young men with a vacant moment. One of them recalls his father's shop, and his ideas invade the mind of the other one so that the same mental picture is brought before each without any audible or visible means of communication. Intelligence revolts because it can find no reason for such a phenomenon. It is not, however, for logic that one studies "A. E." Here is a beautiful dream, let the explanation of it be what it may:

A young man was steering the boat, his face pale and resolute, his head bent, his eyes intent on his wheel: and beside him sat a woman, a rose-coloured shawl speckled with golden threads drawn over her head, around her shoulders, across her bosom and folded arms. Her face was proud as a queen's, and I long remembered that face for its pride, stillness and beauty. I thought at the moment it was some image in the eternal memory of a civilisation more remote than Atlantis, and I cried out in my heart in a passion of regret for romance passed away from the world, not knowing that the world's great age was again returning and that soon we were to swim once more beneath the epic skies.

There are in the book a thousand passages on which one would like to cross-question the writer, even to argue with him. But there is not one which does not refresh and stimulate. The marvel is that even a writer of this temperament could so far seclude himself from those great and enormous events which have been marching across the page of history.

**South Slav Monuments.** Vol. I. Edited by Prof. Michael J. Pupin; with Introduction by Sir T. Os. Graham Jackson. (John Murray)

**T**HE existing ecclesiastical monuments of Serbia may be divided historically into three groups. First, churches built by Stephan Nemanja (acceded 1166) and his immediate successors; second, the fourteenth century group associated with King Stephen Uros; third, those erected in the northern districts where the final struggles for Serbian independence took place in the fifteenth century.



THE NAVE DOOR OF KELENIC.

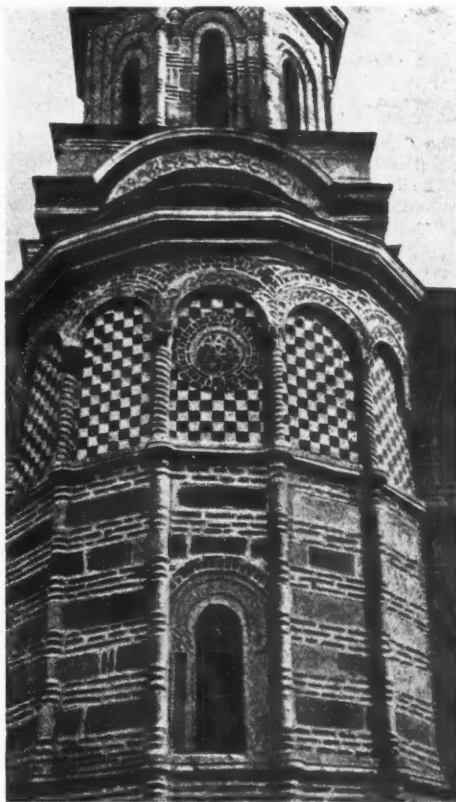


PETOHLJEBNICA, FROM THE CONVENT OF SAVINA.

Examples of each of these groups are illustrated as well as circumstances permit in the volume under consideration. It has only been possible to reproduce pre-war photographs of which copies could be found beyond the zone of war, and this has prevented the inclusion of important buildings or aspects of

buildings. Nevertheless, the volume presents the reader with what may well be to most a surprising revelation of the existence of monuments of merit and often considerable importance in a region little known to students of architecture and antiquities.

Of the Nemanja group the churches of St. Nicholas at Kursumlja and Sopocani are in ruins, but the white marble church of Studenica, though damaged and much restored, still presents a whole of considerable interest. Its finely carved portals and window openings show the strength of Lombard influence and we may reasonably conclude that the sculptors employed came from Northern Italy. The church that Nemanja built at Mount Athos, when he retired from the world to the Monastery of Hilendar, is thoroughly Byzantine in character, but it was added to during two centuries by the successors of the founder and can scarcely be counted a strictly Serbian edifice. Much of the thirteenth century church of Zica, with the Seven Doors, in which the kings used to be crowned, has been rebuilt, and photographs of the remarkable windows and doors are unfortunately not available. It is the existing group of fourteenth century churches that offers the best surviving material for illustration. They are mainly of Byzantine character alike in design and decoration. Specially notable is that of Cracanica (1321-22), which contains important contemporary wall paintings. It appears to be built of stone with decorative features of brick—a massive edifice crowned by high-pitched domes. The church at Decani, only a few years later in date, is as distinctively Lombard by tradition and resembles contemporary Dalmatian buildings.



NORTH APSE, LAZARICA.

Founded by Czar Lazar, about 1380.

The churches at Ravanica and Lazarica—the latter a Palace chapel—both founded by Czar Lazar about 1380, are best illustrated and most local in style. They offer a new form of dome and deal with Byzantine tradition with some freedom. Coloured illustrations of both help a stranger's eye. The stone courses seem to be separated by layers of red tiles. Other surfaces are chequered. Doors and windows are adorned with sculpture. In several of these Serbian churches the carved decoration preserves and elaborates the style which reigned in Italy in the eighth and ninth centuries, and was popular all over Western Europe in Carolingian days. It survived into the fifteenth century in Serbia and gave rise to some rather extravagant efflorescences.

The paintings in some of these churches have been surprisingly preserved and are of great historical importance, throwing light, as do some illuminated Serbian manuscripts, on the history of Byzantine painting and even (by the preservation of ancient traditions) on its origins. As yet they have been very incompletely studied.

Notable remains of elaborately carved and gilded wooden screens also exist and some in stone. They were the work of artists from Debar, the centre of the best Serbian handicraftsmen. A few important objects of decorative art are included among the reproductions—a lamp and cross from the Convent of Savina, and the fourteenth century cross of Czar Dusan.

The whole volume will be of great interest to lovers of the mediæval arts of the Near East, and will not fail to stimulate interest in the history of a people whose bravery and misfortunes their allies in Western Europe and America recognise and hope soon to be able to reward.

MARTIN CONWAY.

**The Love of an Unknown Soldier.** (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a book which will probably attain a circulation because it is advertised as having been found by an officer, a few sheets of MS. wedged in between a post and the wall of one of the bunks in a dug-out in a deserted British gun position. Mr. John Lane has published it in the hope that the woman to whom it might mean everything may, through it, learn the devotion of her lover, who, in all probability, has not lived to tell her himself. Mr. Lane has also published a page of MS. in facsimile and reminds us of the history of "The MS. in the Red Box" drawing a parallel. We have no wish to question anyone's sincerity, but it is a pity that some other form of recommendation could not have been chosen. Instead of reading these unposted letters, intimate, touching, often of a literary value which letters seldom attain, to gain some realisation of what it means to serve the guns in France or to acclaim the adept psychology with which a devout lover's soul is laid bare, we find ourselves asking whether such a man would have written this or that, whether the gathering gloom and anguish of the last pages do not fit in too well with the passionate protest of love and the broken sentence with which the book ends. We cannot help wishing that none of those teasing doubts need have arisen which, in the circumstances, are inevitable in an incredulous age.

**The Curtain of Steel,** by the Author of "In the Northern Mists." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net.)

THE author describes his book as "a long Naval film in six reels," and every one of the pictures, he tells us, is photographed from life. The first of them is "The Lowering of the Curtain"; that was in July, 1914, when the Home Fleet had yet to receive its new name of the Grand Fleet, and was still under the command of Sir George Callaghan, whose last cruise was undertaken in performing the terribly responsible task of leading the Fleet with all lights out in safety to that northern anchorage at Scapa Flow. Before the fateful message came—"Commence hostilities against Germany"—Sir John Jellicoe had taken over command. Our author, at the end of his book, speaking of Admiral Jellicoe's consummate seamanship, his perfect mastery of tactics, and his marvellous cool-headedness, which were the admiration of those who were in a position to know about such attributes of the Admiral, paints also the other side of the picture in words which we cannot forbear from quoting: "every officer and every man without exception went about looking as though he were lamenting the loss not only of a trusted chief but a friend: and I suppose it was much the same in every other ship. Jellicoe belonged to us; he had that gift, or that quality of making all these under his command, even such as had never even seen him, feel that there was a sort of personal tie between him and them." In "the Curtain Proves its Strength" we get all too few vivid glimpses of action. As with this author's previous books, so here we have that intimate picture of life in the Fleet, whether it be ward room or lower deck, that cannot but delight the landsman who almost always has a hankering for the sea.

**Little England,** by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Nisbet, 7s.)

THERE is a distinction about Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's work which gives it a place of its own even in the crowded mind of a reviewer of novels. *Little England* is a story of the Sussex Miss Kaye-Smith sees with the clear understanding of a great love, and its characters are Sussex-bred men and women, small farmers, little shopkeepers, and "the Rev. Mr. Sumption," the eccentric minister of the Particular Baptists, and his gipsy son. It is a story of country life and humble folk, but Miss Kaye-Smith has never fallen into the common snare of patronising her characters as have so many of the novelists who write of what we used to call the masses in the days before war came and rubbed dim the lines of class distinction. Tom Beatup of the Worge and his drunken father and foolish mother, his brother Harry who ploughed for England as Tom fought for her, and his two sisters, are real people. Mr. Sumption's last sermon with its application of the war to the individual, "Are you worth dying for? Are you worth living for?" is the clue to the thought which underlies this tale of pleasant fields and ordinary men and women. After its own fashion, which is not quite that of any other novel we have read so far, this is one of the best works of fiction in which the war is a factor, and Miss Kaye-Smith paints in words the scenes of field and hedgerow, of lane and byre, the effects of light or mist or spring weather so exquisitely that she must win the heart of everyone who loves some corner of our land as his or her own Little England.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

### FUTURE OF AUCTIONS IN LONDON.

THE *genius loci*, the presiding spirit at Tokenhouse Yard, must have felt a thrill a few days ago upon learning that the Mart itself is now likely to share the fate of the tens of thousands of properties that have been taken there for sale, and to be sold. There is a poetic justice about the thing, however unwelcome the decision may be to auctioneers. For over half a century the buying and selling of real estate has been conducted at the Mart, and it had come to be regarded as a public and permanent institution, but now its private and proprietary character stands revealed, and it may be but a matter of a few weeks before auction business in that spot goes the way of the same work in the older mart in Bartholomew Lane and the yet older, indeed, original centre at Garraway's in Exchange Alley.

The associations of the place cannot be a matter of entire indifference to auctioneers, seeing that at least a couple of generations of them have found it a convenient place for the practice of their profession, and, if it is closed, a number of questions of great practical importance to the business will have to be grappled with at once, unless the interests involved are to suffer a severe and unexpected blow. The course of business in the last few years has no doubt reduced the income-producing potentialities of the Mart, but it still yields a moderate return on the capital invested, and, despite the recent tendency

to hold important sales in Hanover Square and other places, and the growing popularity of local auctions, its utility remains considerable.

If the endeavour is made to find other premises in the City the task of securing an equally central situation will be no easy one, and the mere fact of the removal from Tokenhouse Yard may prove disadvantageous, no matter what is selected for the future, as it will lack the official or semi-official character which the present Mart has come in the course of time to possess. To see just what place the Mart fills in the auction world it is only necessary to glance at random at the announcements of sales, and nine-tenths of them, in London, will be found to be appointed for Tokenhouse Yard. This is not because many of the firms who go there with property cannot, if they care to do so, conduct the sales in their own offices, or in some other building in the City or West End, but because they have preferred the element of unquestionable publicity which has been one of the distinctions of the old Mart.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present movement to dispose of the Mart, it is probable that it will give a renewed impetus to the tendency to offer town houses and country residences in private auction rooms, and that fewer landed estates will be taken to the city for disposal.

The observance of Scottish formalities at the Sutherland sale in Hanover Square did not prevent the dispatch of the business with characteristic expedition. Well within the hour Sir Howard Frank had completed the sale of the northern portion of the Duke of Sutherland's estate for £130,000, the total, inclusive of the lots privately sold, amounting to £201,000. Two lots only failed to evoke competition. The company at the auction included some staff officers and many Scottish and London estate agents. Two of the lots fell to the bidding of Mr. Dowell (J. A. Lumley and Dowell) and Mr. John D. Wood (Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.) for clients. The sale was, in the first instance, arranged for the autumn of 1914, but had been postponed owing to the war, and in the meanwhile the Duke reduced the saleable area by the gift of Borgie Lodge and over 12,000 acres to the public. Other estates which have been offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley during the last few days are Marston Oakley and Houghton Conquest, at Bedford, for the Duke of Bedford. The Egglestone Hall Estate of 10,000 acres, on the borders of Durham and Yorkshire, will be offered in February, by order of Captain Hutchinson. It includes the Hall, with fishing in the Tees, the village of Egglestone, and the famous Egglestone moor.

The sale of the Alton Estate, Staffordshire, extending to 6,700 acres, was continued by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Bagshaw and Sons at Leek last Monday, the total for the three day being £177,658.

Garston House, Herts, to be sold at Hanover Square on November 21st, is believed to have been built on the site of an old priory. Chauncy, in "Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire," records that at the end of the reign of Edward IV the manor of Garston was purchased by John of Whet-hamsted, the thirty-third Abbot of St. Albans, for the use of that church. It reverted to the Crown at the Dissolution.

All but three of the twenty-three lots of the outlying parts of the Fillingham Castle Estate were sold at Lincoln by Messrs. Driver, Jonas and Co., and Mr. Peacock Rayner. Some £65,000 was obtained by Messrs. Looker and Theakston, on behalf of the trustees of the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres and of Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley, for the Pelly Huntingdon Estate, just over 2,650 acres being offered. The Earl of Aylesford's Packington Estate, 1,270 acres, came under the hammer of Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood at Birmingham, realising a total of £44,240, every lot changing hands. Two Somerset farms, 151 acres at Isle Abbots, and 113 acres at West Monkton, made £5,300 and £6,330 respectively, through Messrs. C. R. Morris, Sons and Peard at Taunton. Among the Essex farms sold by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons may be mentioned Lillyputts, 136 acres, at Hornchurch, for £9,850, and Whybridge, 243 acres, at Rainham, for £24,025.

The reported realisations last week exceeded half a million sterling, bringing the total for the year up to more than £9,000,000.

One of the most important auctions of the present season at Tokenhouse Yard is to be held on Tuesday, November 19th, by Messrs. Trollope, in conjunction with Messrs. Harrods (Limited). In addition to a freehold ground rent of £2,000 per annum, payable by Harrods (Limited), and secured on Trevor Square, there are twenty-two freehold town houses in Charles Street and Hill Street, Knightsbridge, and fifteen others in Hill Street and Montpelier Square, with reversions in the year 1939. On the same day a reversion twenty-six years hence to an extensive Chelsea property will also be submitted. Messrs. Harrods (Limited) have sold Ravenscroft, Hookheath, Surrey, and Dunolly, Blackheath Park.

Lord Carnock has instructed Mr. William Willett to dispose of No. 53, Cadogan Gardens, on November 26th, when the Willett-built houses, No. 57, Sloane Gardens, and No. 8, Egerton Place, will also be offered. Early next month Messrs. Elliott, Son and Boyton are selling houses in Hyde Park Square and Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Joseph Stower is also to submit town houses, at an executors' sale, at the end of this month.

The Gothic mansion, Whitwell Hall, with 2,000 acres, is to be offered next month by Messrs. Thomas Walker and Sons, by order of Sir E. A. Lechmere. North Riding farms await offers next week at Malton, through Messrs. Boulton and Cooper, on behalf of Sir Kenelm H. E. Cayley, and a large area of agricultural land in Lincolnshire, through Mr. Joseph E. Walter, at Lincoln, for Lady Alwyn Compton Vyner.

About 144 lots of property on the Mottram estates in Cheshire are for sale shortly by Messrs. C. W. Provis and Sons, acting for the trustees of the late Lord Tolemache. Property in the same part of the county belonging to Lord Wilton has been successfully dealt with by Messrs. Weatherall and Green, jointly with local firms.

The Manor Farm, near Little Kimble Station, is to be submitted at Aylesbury on November 27th, by Mr. Joseph Stower, by order of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. On the same date, also at Aylesbury, Messrs. Vernon and Son are selling 200 acres of dairy farms in the vicinity.

ARBITER.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## LOCAL MATERIALS AND THE PROBLEM OF "RURAL HOUSING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter in your issue of October 26th from "L. Campbell" deals with a matter which I trust will receive due attention before it is too late. In all the articles and letters appearing in the Press, none deal with the use of local materials in building these houses for the working classes. In towns and suburban areas the matter is not of such urgency, as in but few does any local tradition of building or material remain; but throughout the whole of England, in practically every country district, is a well marked style of building and use of local material that can easily be recognised and which should not be lost sight of in any scheme of building rural houses. The introduction due to cheaper transit by railways of materials other than those of the district leads to the unfortunate phase of common brick and blue-slate houses, bad in plan and proportion, and devoid of any homely characteristics that have so sadly disfigured the countryside for the past fifty years, and the fear that these materials may still be used, though in perhaps a different way, is a very real one. The beauty of the stone buildings of the Cotswolds, the tile hung houses of Kent and Surrey, the cob cottages of Devon and Cornwall, and the brick and flint houses of East Anglia, must appeal to all who appreciate the charm of our English villages, and to discard the materials of which they are built and to perpetuate the use of others out of harmony would be a grievous mistake, and one which we should not fall into a second time. Our philanthropists and those who so rightly urge the creation of these cottages contend that expense should not be allowed to stand in the way of really well planned houses; they might go a little farther and equally well urge the use of local materials in their construction.—E. GUY DAWBER.

## THE HOUSING PROBLEM—CONDENSATION ON CONCRETE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The American Concrete Institute is doing good in publishing a warning on condensation, for it is not well known that concrete is subject to condensation when the air is wet or humid, and that a non-porous concrete is subject to more condensation than a porous concrete. For instance, a weak concrete of broken brick aggregate will have proportionately the same porosity as the porous brick itself. We all know that brick walls, when plastered with lime mortar, are seldom subject to condensation. Interior plastering will, however, prevent condensation on any sort of concrete. I have spent many pounds and much time in experimenting with various plaster mixtures to find the most absorptive plastering material. I found that a good method is to float on the interior of the concrete walls with ordinary plasterer's lime and sand mortar (about 3 of sand to 1 of lime), lightly keyed in the usual manner to receive the final setting coat. This 3 and 1 coat must be left until strong pressure from the thumb makes no impression. It may be necessary to leave it for several days, according to the weather. The finishing coat of lime putty, sand and plaster of Paris may then be applied with safety. Immediately this latter coat sets it should be finished with a soft hair brush, which produces a granular surface—a further method of absorbing moisture.

The finishing coat is known in some districts as "Plasterer's Skimming." It is also known as "Limed Plaster." The proportions depend on the quality of the lime, which varies in different districts. I discovered the best, easily obtainable skimming for absorption was the following. It gives a good finish, sets well, and works quickly:—

- 3 parts of lime putty or chalk lime.
- 6 " " washed sand.
- 1 part of plaster of Paris.

Instead of making dense concrete for walls, it is much cheaper and more hygienic to use a very porous concrete, and to render it with a cement waterproofed exterior coating, for the fiercest driving rain cannot penetrate waterproofed rendering. Porous concrete, like all porous materials, has also the quality of retaining the heat engendered in the room, thus giving a warmer dwelling. Therefore, porous concrete has the dual advantage of assisting the absorption of condensation and of conserving heat.—J. H. KERNER-GREENWOOD.

[Architects always have this trouble to deal with in such cases. Condensation does not only occur in work where concrete is employed, but on practically any material if the inside is rendered with a hard impervious surface, or if painted, unless precautions are taken. Some few years ago a series of concrete cottages were erected and the inside finished with a hard plaster, but great care was taken in forming the hollow walls, and the very essential through ventilation of the hollow walls was arranged for and no condensation has occurred, although the cottages were erected in a district subject to a great deal of humidity. We do not think that the suggestion of rendering all our new cottages with a waterproof cement rendering on the outside would be acceptable.—Ed.]

## THE USES OF FARM WEEDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested in reading your article on the above, especially the reference to couch grass. The following facts may be interesting to you. A good few years ago, say fifty-five or sixty (I was born in 1847), there was a doctor-minister living in Cheltenham who sent an old lady with a bad leg to an aunt of mine with strict injunctions that she was to lie in bed for six weeks and partake of nothing during that period excepting milk and a tea made from the roots of couch grass. A lotion was also to be used freely, made with the same tea, with a little alum dissolved in it. This was done, with the result that the bad leg was cured, the old lady lived to nearly ninety years of age, and was not troubled with her bad leg again, dying about 1870. My aunt told several people of this cure, and if the directions were adhered to, always

with satisfactory results. The doctor said if the medicinal value of couch grass were known it would be cultivated instead of being looked upon as a noxious weed. I did not see in your article any mention of the marshmallow; this is frequently used, both roots and stem with leaves and flowers, as a demulcent drink for cows or ewes in Gloucestershire and adjoining counties, and also applied hot as a lotion for swollen udders, swellings and other ailments, nearly always with beneficial results. My grandfather, who died in 1859, was a great believer in herbal remedies, and used to dose me with what I thought a horrible decoction made from nettles, feverfew, agrimony, centaury, wood betony, ground ivy and, in short, nearly all the weeds and herbs that grow, made into a strong tea, of which I had to drink a breakfastful first thing in the morning, to be afterwards comforted by granny with sugared bread and butter and nice hot tea. Shall we ever see or taste such sugar again as the good old brown "Demerara" of those days, one spoonful of which for sweetening purposes was worth four ounces of the beet sugar of the near pre-war days? Then, did jam ever go mouldy in those days? No, not if well boiled. Again, what mead, metheglin, or home-made rhubarb, gooseberry, black or red currant, damson and other wine was ever half so good as that made with cane sugar? And yet for the phantom of an evanescent cheapness, indoctrinated by the jack o' lantern so called Free Trade, but in reality free imports only, we threw away our Colonial advantages and allowed the astute German, as in so many other instances, to ruin our brother sugar growers in the West Indies; while now, forsooth, driven into wiser notions by stress of war, we cry "Ai, Ai, never, never more." Will this wisdom continue? I doubt it. Lured once more by the demon cheapness, I am afraid we shall too readily fall into the snare. But this is a too long digression, so I subscribe myself—W. B. COOPER.

## CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN A CORNER OF THE WEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While exploring recently a somewhat remote corner of my native county, Herefordshire, I came upon a detail of church architecture wholly new to me in the small and ancient church of Rowstone, near the Monmouthshire border. The church, which possesses a fine Norman doorway, a beautiful wrought iron door handle, and some good interior carving, second only perhaps to that at Kilpeck in the same county, is dedicated to St. Peter; a cock is represented frequently in the scheme of decoration, and occupies the faces of the capitals crowning the two shafts that support the inner portion of the chancel arch. The two outer capitals of this arch bear carved upon them two small figures, taken to be those of St. Peter and an attendant angel. The pair of figures on the north side of the arch are in the normal position; those on the south side are reversed, appearing head downwards. I am aware that, according to Eusebius—based on Origen—Peter was crucified in this position; some say by his own wish. But I have never seen the legend commemorated in this way before, and feel curious to know if this freak, as one may venture to call it, is at all common, and where else it may be seen. Rowstone Church also boasts, projecting from the chancel walls, two wrought iron brackets, stated to be of fourteenth century work and absolutely unique in England. These are said by some authorities to be "ridel" or curtain brackets; by others to be of the nature of candelabra. Their appearance suggests that they may perhaps have served both purposes. The lower horizontal bar of each has five spikes upon which candles might be fixed or curtains hung; the upper bar is decorated with alternate cocks and fleur-de-lis. As I am somewhat jealous for my native county I hope no reader of your paper will announce a similar pair elsewhere!—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

[It is difficult to think that the two figures reversed can be meant to depict the martyrdom of St. Peter. This subject is usually represented by a single figure crucified head downwards, St. Peter having protested that he was unworthy to suffer in exactly the same way as his Divine Master. There appears to be no cross, nor are there any attendant figures to represent the executioners. Perhaps the pair of sculptured figures on the south side may have become misplaced from their original situation. As to the two iron brackets in the chancel walls, it is hardly safe to dogmatise without fuller particulars of their exact position, height from the ground and distance from the east wall. But, provided that they are situated just to the west of the sedilia (or, if there be no sedilia at Rowstone, west of the spot where the sedilia should be), it is possible that the iron brackets and spikes may have served for supports of the Lenten veil. One iron hook for this purpose may be seen on the north side of the chancel of St. Peter *ad vincula* in the Tower of London, and there is a pair of iron hooks for the same purpose high up in the side walls of the presbytery of Ripon Minster. In neither of these instances, however, is there any ornamental detail such as is described in our correspondent's interesting communication.—Ed.]

## "THE SPIRIT WHICH FOUGHT TO THE DEATH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the last line in Meugens' poem, called "Indestructible," has a counterpart in Emerson's chapter "Truth" in "English Traits and Representative Men":—

"Surely this one thing remains  
Of the old world's soul,  
The spirit which fought to the death."

—MEUGENS.

"There is an English hero superior to the French, the German, the Italian or the Greek. When he is brought to the strife with fate he sacrifices a richer material possession, and on more purely metaphysical grounds. He is there with his own consent, face to face with fortune which he defies. On deliberate choice, and from grounds of character, he has elected his part to live and die for, and dies with grandeur."—A. S. D. H.

## AN UNCOMMON SLEEPING PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to enclose photograph which I trust may be acceptable for publication in the correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE. It is the photo



A HEARSE AS BEDCHAMBER.

of the home of an old man and his son, and I don't think there is a more peculiar spectacle in the whole of the British Isles. This is a place on the moors within two miles of Keighley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The two men collect old pots, pans, bits of old tin and iron and make a living in that way. They have dug up a small portion of the barren moorland and planted some potatoes, so that they are doing their share for the country's food supply. The old caravan is only a small one and the father sleeps and makes the meals in it. The son sleeps in the old hearse, something that the majority of people would never be able to sleep in. It is an old-fashioned hearse without windows, so that one may imagine what it would be

Revolution, but is now represented by St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham, and by St. Edmund's College, Ware, Herts. The monastery was opened in 1611 and rebuilt between 1776 and 1781. The English Benedictines carried on a school there till 1903, when they were forced to leave by the French Government. They are now at Woolhampton, near Reading. Baudker's "Northern France" (fifth edition, 1909), at page 42, is entirely erroneous in stating: "The College of English Benedictines (Rue St. Benoît), founded in 1560 for the education of English priests, still has about 100 students."—JOHN B. WAINE-WRIGHT.

## KNOTTED TREES, ARNSIDE, WESTMORLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—One well known arboreal curiosity at Arnside is two trees interlaced. They are two trees interlaced. They with tight grip, they hold



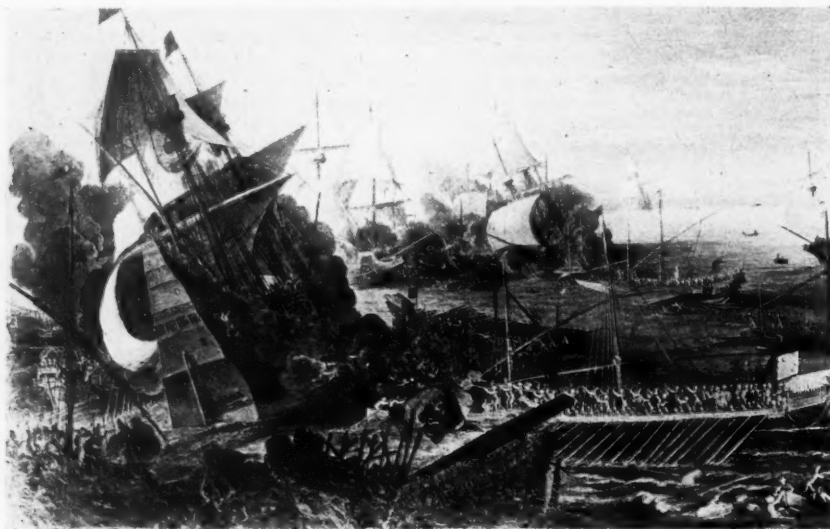
ENTWINED TREES.

off their heads from each other the opposite way to their real position in the ground. They are about 35ft. high and overlook Morecambe Bay, as seen in the illustration. They are almost dead, and no leaves appear at any time of the year.—FRANK WARDLE.

## BY WHAT ARTIST?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you or any of your readers could give me a clue to the painter of the picture of which I enclose a photograph. It is an oil painting on copper, size about 27ins. by 17ins., obviously representing the Battle of Lepanto, and, beyond the date, 1622, on the floating bale in the extreme foreground, bears no indication of the artist, although I should say that the school is probably Dutch, and it has been attributed—on what authority I have never been able to discover—to a painter named Peters. A high authority has, however, hazarded the opinion that it may be the work of Jan Brueghel. It would be extremely interesting to trace the painter, and does not seem on the face of it quite a hopeless quest.—B. M. B.



## THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO—WHO WAS THE PAINTER?

I ke shut up in it all night. The hearse is utilised during the day for storing the food, as it will keep it cooler than in the caravan.—W. SUGDEN.

## FEATURES OF THE RECORD HARVEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You printed in a recent issue, under the heading "Features of the Record Harvest," some photographs and letterpress which must have delighted the heart of every agriculturist, not to say every patriot among your readers. Perhaps the photograph which I am sending you may prolong the note struck then. It shows a scene on an English farm in September, 1918, which is significant and, regarded with pre-war eyes, surely strange. Here is a steam power outfit threshing oats; fitted to it is a chaff-cutter, fed direct from the drums with the oat straw which it converts into chaff. A Mogul farm tractor drives the chaff-cutter. German prisoners of war are bagging and storing the products. Ten years ago no one could have imagined such a scene possible, and yet in agriculture as in other trades we have very soon ceased to wonder at the changes war has made.—J. T. N.

## THE ENGLISH COLLEGE AT DOUAI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Ecclesiasticus" is confusing the English College at Douai, founded by Dr. John Vendeville and Mr. William Allen, afterwards Cardinal, in 1568 (not 1566), with the English Benedictine monastery and school started in 1605. The former came to an end during the French

read "pingle, to be fanciful about one's food," used by a Scotsman and in the West of England. You may be interested in this account: Some years ago an old Suffolk farmer informed me that a son of his in my employ and not in good health was "the master pingle as ever I see." On being asked to translate, he gave me to understand that the boy would play about with his food instead of eating it. I have since found it is in common use in Suffolk.—DIALECTOR.



A FARM SCENE OF 1918.



*"Like big intelligent children  
they look to you for protection."*

*"Shelled in the roads at night, shelled in the lines  
by day, and bombed without ceasing, it was a stout  
equine heart and a sturdy equine frame that came  
through it all. To see our horses go through the  
barrage of battle makes our heart ache . . . they  
are more like big intelligent children than anything  
else. They look to you for protection."*

So a gunner pays tribute to the magnificent horses working at the front. They are now playing a tremendous part; without them our men would all too often be short of food, ammunition and supplies, for the horses follow faithfully over the shell pocked ground, which is frequently impassable to motor traffic.

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(The only Fund authorised by the Army Council  
to assist the Army Veterinary Corps)

earnestly invites you to contribute to the humane and necessary work of caring for sick and wounded horses at the Front, so that it may be carried on without interruption.

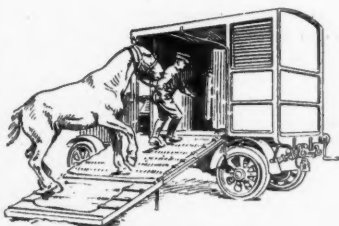
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and to collect this sum the support of every reader is earnestly solicited. Every £1 sent will be most welcome, and on this Great Winning Occasion it is hoped that all who can will respond at once.

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*The cost of this advertisement is generously borne by a group of well known sportsmen and horse lovers, who realise the urgency of this appeal.*



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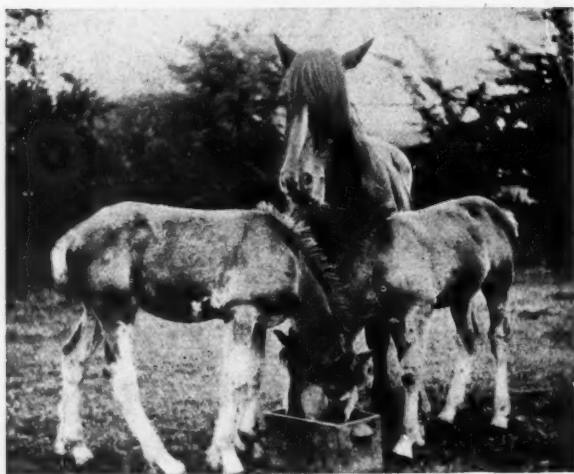
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## TWIN FOALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a Shire mare with twin foals; both are doing well. They are now four months old. It is very unusual for twin foals



THE TWINS AND THEIR MOTHER.

to live. They were bred by Mr. J. E. Spink of Little Hallingbury Bishop's Stortford.—STANLEY A. BROWN.

## AGRICULTURE AND FISHING IN CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of your recent articles on food production and agricultural machinery, the enclosed snapshots of Chinese life may not be without interest. One shows the light hand-plough used by the natives of Wei-hai-wei Territory in tilling the soil of narrow and irregular terraced fields on steep slopes where cattle are not at their best. The team consists of a father and his three sons, types of the sturdy countrymen recruited at this Agency for service in France with the Chinese Labour Corps. The father is shown guiding the plough, followed by his second son sowing wheat and his third strewing fertilising compost, a heap of which is shown in the foreground. (Interesting descriptions of Chinese fertilisers may be found in "Farmers of Forty Centuries," by H. F. King.) The second shows the fishing fleet which assembles at Wei-hai-wei every April for the "huanghua" or "Chefoo herring" season. This fish comes from the South and makes its appearance off the coast of Wei-hai-wei every year "after the Ch'ing Ming festival," or "when the apricot is in flower." Boats gather here for its pursuit from Chefoo, the fishing villages of Shantung Promontory, and from distant Manchuria. It is pleasing to note that the thousands of hardy fishermen have never given any trouble in Wei-hai-wei and pursue their calling without faction fights or apparent jealousy. This is all the more praiseworthy as they mostly combine the functions of fisherman and peasant when at home, and the Northern Chinese is extraordinarily jealous of his private and communal rights with regard to land. My enquiries of various fishermen have elicited the following account of the peregrinations of the "huanghua" fish. These "herring" are first seized with a desire to spawn when off the mouth of the Yangtze. The sea bottom there is soft mud, and the fish, whose skins are of the toughest and very tight, unable to find relief, bethink them of the hard sands of the North. Thither they head, wearily rubbing their bellies along the mud until they at last find their ease on the firm gritty sandbanks off Eddy Island and Waterwitch Bay, well known to the gunnery experts of our old China Squadron. After scratching themselves well and fining down the requisite portions of their epidermis they come briskly up to the surface when first beginning to spawn. They are then seen and pursued by the fishermen, who maintain a constant look-out for them from the cliffs and from scouting vessels. After some days spent in this neighbourhood the fish, now considerably reduced in numbers, make off along the surface to some other delectable sands on the Manchurian coast, where they spawn in earnest. They are pursued by the fishing fleet past the mouth of the Yalu until the survivors make good their escape into the Pacific, along the coast of Korea. The only part of the above "yarn" I will vouch for is that most of the fish caught off Wei-hai-wei have not actually spawned, though they had evidently been thinking of doing so!—G. S. MOSS.

## "THE DIAL OF FLOWERS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for September 7th an enquiry about the "Dial of Flowers." Although I do not know of a book on the subject, yet there is a poem bearing that title by Hermans, commencing with the verse:

"'Twas a lovely thought that marked the hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening of the folding flowers  
That laugh to the Summer's day."

The great botanist Linnaeus appears to have been the first to make use of flowers to form a clock. One writer says: "There is reason to believe that every minute of the day may be marked by the opening or closing of some one or other of the 100,000 species of the vegetable kingdom." The following table is, according to Professor Balfour, in an old book entitled "Talking Trees," but, of course, the times are only approximately accurate:

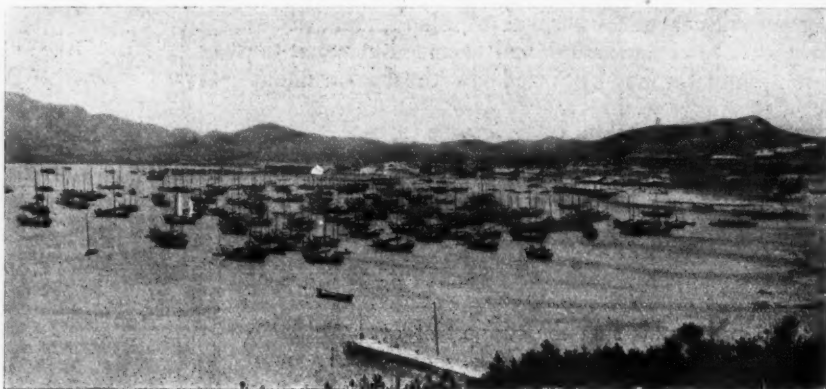
## NAMES OF FLOWERS OF THE DIAL OF THE FLORAL CLOCK.

	Opens	Closes
Yellow Goatsbeard ( <i>Tragopodon pratense</i> ) ..	3 a.m.	12 a.m.
Wild Succory or Chicory ( <i>Chicorium intybus</i> ) ..	4 a.m.	4 p.m.
Common Nippewort ( <i>Lapsana communis</i> ) ..	5 a.m.	10 a.m.
Buttercup ( <i>Ranunculus bulbosus</i> ) ..	6 a.m.	—
White Water Lily ( <i>Nymphaea alba</i> ) ..	7 a.m.	5 p.m.
Scarlet Pimpernel ( <i>Anagallis arvensis</i> ) ..	8 a.m.	2 p.m.
Proliferous Pink ( <i>Dianthus prolifer</i> ) ..	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Lesser Celandine ( <i>Ranunculus ficaria</i> ) ..	9 a.m.	—
Common Star of Bethlehem or Lady Eleven o'Clock ( <i>ornithogalum umbellatum</i> ) ..	11 a.m.	—
Rough Dandelion ( <i>Leontodon hipsidum</i> ) ..	—	3 p.m.
Nottingham Catchfly ( <i>Silene nutans</i> ) ..	6 p.m.	—
Evening Primrose ( <i>Oenothera biennis</i> ) ..	7 p.m.	—

—EBENEZER LEE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of September 7th there is an enquiry by one of your readers asking of the different flowers which mark the time of day by opening and shutting their petals. There is a certain book called "The Four Gardens" by Handasyde, in which there is a description of a dial of flowers on pages 67 and 68. The flowers are as follows: "The bright goat's beard that shuts its leaves before a change of weather," was the first to awake,



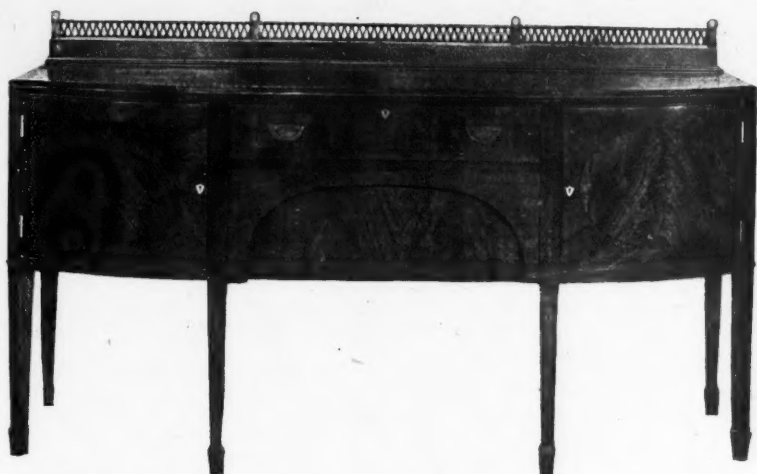
THE FISHING FLEET IN APRIL AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

opening as it does at 3-5, to close 9-10; succory opens at 4, closes 5; smooth sow thistle opens 5, closes 11-12; naked poppy 5, closes 7; convolvulus 5, closes 6; hawk's beard 5, closes 10-11; dandelion 5-6, closes 8-9; cultivated lettuce 7, closes 10; African marigold 7, shuts 3-4; pimpernel 7, shuts 8; proliferous pink 8, closes 1; mouse-ear hawkweed 8, closes 2; pot marigold—the "Winking mari-bud that opens its golden eye"—9, closes 3; creeping mallow 9-10, closes 1; purple sandwort 9-10, closes 2-3; garden purslane 9-10, closes 11-12.—RICHARD J. MOBERLY.



A SNAPSHOT OF CHINESE COUNTRY LIFE.

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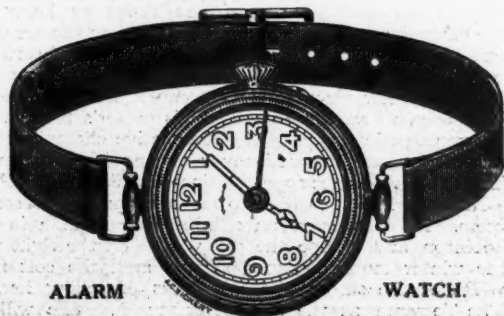
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## SOME RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS IN POTATO CULTIVATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following results of ten varieties of potatoes grown alongside and treated identically after wheat with a catch crop of clover ploughed in on sandy loam may be of interest to your readers. The cultivation was on a farming scale and not carried out under gardening conditions; and, although the yields may not be as much as those to be expected from garden cultivation, the comparisons between the various varieties nevertheless are of interest:—

The Ally (Scotch seed)	..	15	tons per acre.
Great Scot	..	15	" " "
King Edward	..	14½	" " "
Kerr's Pink (Scotch seed)	..	13	" " "
Arran Chief	..	12½	" " "
Ninetyfold	..	11½	" " "
British Queen	..	10	" " "
Up-to-date	..	10	" " "
Dargill Gem (Scotch seed)	..	9½	" " "
Iron Duke (Scotch seed)	..	9	" " "

The sets were planted on April 23rd and 25th with a good dressing of dung in the drills and 2 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia per acre. As the land is required for a wheat crop this autumn the crops were lifted early in September before the tops had thoroughly died down, with the exception of Ninetyfold, which was lifted in a ripe condition on August 5th, and British Queen in an almost ripe condition on August 10th. All the lots were grown from Scotch seed once removed, except the four lots of new Scotch seed duly marked. In manual tests carried out on Great Scot, I found that the omission of sulphate of ammonia caused the tops to be lighter in colour, and the plants ripened off rather earlier, but the yield was detracted to the extent of over one ton per acre. On the other hand, a dressing of 3 cwt. per acre of sulphate of potash

95 per cent., raised the yield over 3 tons per acre, but showed no appreciable difference in the tops during the growing season.—T. E. MILN.

## VILLAGE WAR MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing to ask if any of your readers have got a good idea for a village memorial for the men of the parish who have fallen in the war. Parochial views may lead us to something that is inartistic, inappropriate, or even solely utilitarian. I would like to suggest that proposals ought to contemplate the circumstance of there being a centrally situated, available open site, of there being a prominent hill close by, and of there being neither of these. I do not think all parties would like to see it in the church, although personally I think that is the proper place.—W. B.

## BEDEGUAR ON SWEET BRIAR ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from a sweet briar rose which I came upon in a copse near Freshwater. Can you please explain the curious hairy growth which, I am told, is caused by an insect? There were many healthy briars in the same place covered with red berries and these reddish-green balls, which gave a wonderful colour effect in the October sun.—VERNON BROWN (Major, R.A.F.).

[The singular growths, which look like tufts of moss, on sweet briars and other wild roses are caused by the larvæ of a fly named *Rhoditis roseæ* which sets up an irritation in the tissues of the stem. Rosarians, as well as nature-lovers who are not too exacting, feel an interest in this singular growth or bedeguar, and when told that it is not actively harmful they are disposed to regard it as a curiosity. When very common on wild roses the colour effect in autumn when the rose hips are at their best is as our correspondent describes, very wonderful in bright sunlight.—ED.]

## TURF, STUD AND STABLE

THOSE few inches which represent the margin described as a "head" made a lot of difference to many people last week when Zinovia squeezed home with just that much to spare for the Cambridgeshire Handicap at Newmarket. If we look at it from a hard commercial point of view, it means that many people who indulge their practice of casual betting on an occasion like this had cause for rejoicing. They won at the expense of the bookmakers, who came extraordinarily near to achieving a result which makes their business on the Turf seem well worth while. For had Dansellon, the second horse, prevailed, all the sums, big and little, invested on Zinovia would have gone to stiffen still more the invulnerable defences of the layers of odds. One instance will prove what I mean in pointing to the vast difference those few inches made. To celebrate the victory Zinovia's owner has presented a cheque for £1,000 to the Rous Memorial Hospital at Newmarket so that a "Zinovia" bed may be founded and maintained. That was a kind and generous thought, even though it comes from some considerable winnings which it is understood have come to the Greek merchant, Mr. Michalinos, as the result of his confidence in his mare. It makes one wonder how splendid would be the sums regularly forthcoming for our great hospitals were the Pari-Mutuel in existence on our racecourses as it was in France prior to the war and as it will be when racing is resumed in the country of our Ally. I am told that there has been an extraordinary amount of betting on recent racing at Newmarket, and especially, of course, on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. This betting has taken place with the starting price commission agents in London and the big cities and towns.

I want to see the time come when the Pari-Mutuel will be established on English racecourses for the benefit of the breeders and owners who provide the horses and the sport, for horse breeding generally, and for our great hospitals. A great source of revenue has hitherto been ignored because no Government would dare recognise betting as an inevitable accompaniment of racing. A change of mind and heart is coming soon, and the Jockey Club, if it be wise, far-seeing, and desirous of retaining its control, will encourage the State to step in and tax the gross volume of betting by deductions on the racecourse.

These thoughts lead to discussion of a very big subject which can profitably be pursued another day. For the present the space at my disposal this week must be given to some reflections on events at Newmarket during the closing week of another war-time's season of racing. Strictly according to the book of form, Rivershore should have finished in front of Zinovia. The handicapper had given the colt an opportunity of avenging a defeat in the spring, and when also we bear in mind Zinovia's moderate form in the classic races and Rivershore's running with Callander, we find a good reason for the latter's position as favourite until a short time before the decision of the race. Then it was that Zinovia passed him in the market just as she was destined to do in the actual race. It was generally known that the mare had done all that was asked of her in a trial with that smart handicapper Bramble Twig, and altogether there were very plain indications that she had returned to her best form. One recalled, too, that it was in the autumn as a two year old that she first showed her abilities, for

after winning two Nurseries, each over a mile, she succeeded in the Free Handicap.

It was, as we know, a very near thing at the finish. Zinovia, Dansellon, Irish Elegance, Arion, Rivershore and Hainault finished very close together, and as I read the race I thought that, had the luck been level all round, Dansellon would have won the race. This view was later confirmed by one or two of the senior jockeys riding in the race. They evidently thought Dansellon, whose success would have made that enormous difference I have written about, had not an absolutely free passage. His jockey, Carslake, was not perhaps at his best last week. He has a partiality for arriving on the scene with a fast run at the finish. These were his tactics on Sir William Cooke's Golden Legend colt, who was beaten only a short head by Knight of Blyth for the Dewhurst Plate. Again one heard the remark that the loser was an unlucky horse to be beaten, suggesting that the fault was not entirely his.

The handicap for the Cambridgeshire was framed on a high scale, which may seem to give an added glamour to Zinovia's success under 8st. 7lb. As it stands, however, the mare has put up a very fine performance, yet there is surely much honour attaching to Irish Elegance, a horse of the same age, who was absolutely dominating the field at seven furlongs. He will be hard indeed to handicap out of winning the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot next year when racing will, I feel sure, be resumed there. Zinovia was bred at the Sledmere Stud, being by Charles O'Malley (one of the most valuable sires of the day) from Dodragh. The mare seems to breed uncommonly good ones. One of her progeny was Dairy Bridge, who was thought a great deal of until some difficulty was found in training him. Zinovia's yearling half-sister is by Sunstar, and at the sales last September she was sold for 1,150 guineas. Her future is bound to be watched with much interest. Zinovia herself only fetched 540 guineas as a yearling and, of course, she is the best animal owned by Mr. Michalinos. One seems to remember him figuring more conspicuously under National Hunt Rules, and at intervals he would win a hurdle race a few seasons ago with an old horse named Londerry, who seemed to revel in heavy going.

I shall have another opportunity of discussing the chief two and three year olds of the season and the expectations to be based on their form. For the moment one may remark that no individual among the younger horses stands out as being an undeniable champion. Up to a point The Panther has much to recommend him, but his form will not bear a deal of scrutiny from an especially high standard. We have to consider the manner of his displays rather than actual accomplishments, while, of course, it is open to anyone to accept his owner's broad limit that he is worth at least £40,000! Prospective champions like Polygnotus, Buchan and Paper Money were vanquished last week, and Stefan the Great has not appeared since his Middle Park Plate victory. Naturally, he is entitled to much honour by reason of that success. He belongs to an admirable sportsman in Mr. Lionel Robinson, and I hope the colt will go on the right way during the winter months. Mr. Robinson bred the colt from his mare Perfect Peach, and he now talks of selling her, in foal to The Tetrarch, at the sales next month. She will, of course, make a big sum, but he may resist the temptation and retain such an extremely valuable animal for his stud. I think he will do so.

PHILLIPPOS.